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POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

BY THE LATE

Mr. William Lamb Robe :

EDITED BY HIS SON,

THE REV. FRANCIS W. ROBE, A.M.

OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Oh ! may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire ;
That on weak wings from far pursues your flights ;
Glow's while he reads, but trembles as he writes. POPE.

NEWPORT-PAGNEL :

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

CRITICS seldom interfere with Poems published by Subscription ; therefore it is hoped this little Volume may escape their notice. The Public are too candid and generous to expect much merit in works of this sort : it is considered to be sufficient if they neither offend against Religion, Morality, Decency, nor Good Sense : but if, besides this, the style be somewhat above mediocrity so much the better ; and that this is the case here, at least in several instances, the judicious Reader will perhaps be disposed to admit.

The late Mr. ROBE, who died in 1802, in the 70th year of his age, wrote most of these Pieces between his 20th and 40th year ; a period of life certainly most favourable to the exertion of Poetical Genius. Many of

his productions are dated: the dates I have carefully inserted. I have reason to believe that none of these Poems were intended for publication, except "The Art of Preaching," and perhaps, "David, an Oratorio;" that they are now brought to light, is more owing to the kindness of friends, than to their own intrinsic worth. The Volume would have appeared many years ago, had not Mr. ROME's Widow objected to part with the MSS during her life; and her decease did not take place until the Spring of 1823.

In revising and correcting my Father's works, I have first necessarily applied the *labor limæ*. The style of familiar writing fifty years ago was such as to require now considerable refinement. Secondly, I have expunged all superfluous matter and redundancy of expression; and lastly, with respect to the Versification, wherever I met with a lame line, I have endeavoured to substitute one that would flow more harmoniously. How far I have succeeded in my attempts to improve upon my Author, can be known only by comparison; therefore,

I shall be happy to submit this point to the opinion of any of my friends, who will do me the favor to inspect the Original.

I conclude this address by requesting my numerous and most respectable Subscribers to accept my sincere thanks for their generous support; and I hope this little book, which, to me, is a source of honest gain, will be to them, one of rational amusement.

Francis William Probe.

Newport-Paguel, March, 1824.

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The Editor not having had access to the Press, during the publication, requests the Reader to correct the following

ERRATA.

- Page III. line 15, place a semicolon after Reason, and dele the comma after Faith
- xiii. col. 1, line 37, *for I. read Iver*
- ibid. col. 2, line 44, *for Leir read Levi*
- xiv. line ult. *add M. P.*
- xvi. col. 1, line 46, *for Speidale read Speidell*
- ibid. col. 2, line 35, *after C. B. add D. D.*
- xvii. col. 1, line 27, *for D. D. read B. M.*
- ibid. col. 2, line 39, *for Winfield read Whinfield*
- 33, line 8, *for is read as*
- 39, line 23, place a semicolon after Reason, and dele the comma after Faith
- 46, line 13, *for conduter read conductor*
- 83, line 11, *for say read can say*
- 104, line 15, dele the inverted comma from one's
- 116, line 12, *for away read her way*
- 127, line 13, *for yours read your's*
- 129, line 8, *for briars. read briars;*
- 131, line 15, *for fame read fame;*
- 134, line 18, *for or read nor*
- 139, line 8, *for friend read gen'rous friend.*

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
ART OF PREACHING.



THE ruling passion 's love of Fame ;
So Young asserts (immortal name !)
Yet, tho' I pay him homage due,
I scarcely think the maxim true.
For who is he that dare deny
The force of Curiosity !
In male or female, this you'll find
The strongest passion of the mind,
Herein the old and young agree ;
All bow to Curiosity :
O'er all it bears despotic rule ;
Nor spares the wise, nor shuns the fool ;
But more than ever does it rage,
When unknown authors fill the page.
Should you or I presume to write,
E'er well the work can come to light,
We're sure to hear, where-e'er we go,
" Pray Sir, do you the Author know ?
Some needy wit, to catch the pence
Or blockhead with more cash than sense "
" Be easy friend, I make no doubt, "
The other says, " we'll find him out."

All join with open mouth the cry :
What's this but Curiosity ?

How many think it waste of time,
To read an unknown Poet's rhyme !
They judge an Author by his name ;
This either makes, or mars his fame.
Let him but be of Noble Race,
No folly can his page disgrace :
Among the living, if I dare,
I'd give a proof ; the dead I spare.

Thus much premis'd, 'tis right that I
Should now come foward publicly,
To tell the whole of what I know,
And fairly my credentials show.
The tale is short, the facts are few,
And thus I bring them to your view.

A certain ancient beldame found
A paper parcel on the ground.
With joy she seized the fancied prize,
And tears of gladness dimm'd her eyes.
She vainly hop'd she should behold
At least a piece or two of Gold,
Which amply might her wants supply,
And make her live more merrily.
Her prize, alas ! turned out to be,
A manuscript of Poetry.
She came to me in doleful plight ;
(She'd heard that I could read and write)

Quoth she, "I prithee Sir tell me,
 What may the value of this be ;
 I hope some trifle it may make,
 Whate'er you'll give for it, I'll take."
 "Well leave it then," said I, you may
 Call here again another day ;
 For, if I find it worth my while,
 I'll give you that shall make you smile."

Resolv'd to act an honest part,
 And show I have a gen'rous heart,
 For years I waited for the dame,
 Who, to my sorrow, never came.
 Yet still the gossip may be found ;
 Still she may be on living ground ;
 And claim from me the profits too,
 Which from this Poem may ensue.
 I therefore, steward of her gains,
 Have taken here the utmost pains,
 The work before you to correct,
 And make it what you might expect.

Should you approve this foundling strain,
 And I e'er find the dame again,
 Your bounty I'd to her restore ;
 And where's the man who can do more ?

Then treat not with severity
 The imprefections which you see ;
 Think of the motives which induce,
 And let them plead my full excuse.

THE
ART OF PREACHING.

A POETICAL ESSAY.

—MENTIRI NESCIÖ. *Juvenal.*

—MUTATO NOMINE, DE TE,

FABULA NARRATUR. *Horace.*

*I am not practis'd in the lying trade ;
Yet change the name, and see yourself display'd.*

THOU God of Verse, and ye, oh ! tuneful Nine,
Assist your Vot'ry in his great design.
My daring Muse, advent'rous, shall explore
A devious path, untrod by Bards before.
To Levi's sacred Sons I'll rules impart,
To make them perfect in the preaching art:
My theme with honest ardour I'll pursue,
Nor dread the *brutum fulmen* of Review.

No—I'll not truckle, bend the supple knee,
 Nor praise as Candour, foul Venality.
 Nor will I to appease the Critic Tribe,
 Gag their foul jaws with an enormous bribe.
 Let timid authors thus their favour buy ;
 My money will I save ; aye marry I !
 Impartial Justice will I keep in view ;
 And brave the vengeance of the motley crew.

Of vast importance to the human Race,
 Preaching stands forth, and claims the highest place :
 Expounded Scripture from the Pulpit flows,
 A Sovereign remedy for human woes.
 But let the preacher handle Scripture well :
 He wrongs Religion's cause who can't excel.
 Yet, what pretenders in our day we see !
 Or sleepy drones, or saints in extacy.
 To name the group would half an age require,
 And make my Reader, like their hearers tire.
 Justly their follies do my rage provoke ;
 Here let them feel a fatal, final stroke :
 And be it even by themselves confest,
 'Tis meritorious to root out a pest.

Some preachers whisper a piano strain ;
 While anxious hearers listen still in vain :

With bold Stentorian voice, and nothing more,
 Will thick scull'd blockheads make a constant roar.
 Oh ! spare your lungs of brass, resign your gown,
 And cry birch brooms and matches through the Town.

Your strong limb'd clowns, who stamp with pond'rous
 Should with a porter's knot adorn their head ; [tread
 While mincing fops, who ambulate and prance,
 May rest content with teaching apes to dance.

In meanest trades still some perfection lies,
 And they who find out this are really wise :
 Her gifts kind nature does to all impart ;
 Then let not one usurp another's art :
 For ev'ry state of life this rule will fit ;
 Who aims aright, is sure the mark to hit.
 But when the laws of Nature we oppose,
 Who only best our separate genius knows,
 We misapply our talent, lose our place,
 Toil on in vain, and only reap disgrace.

And now my Rev'rend Pupils, pray attend ;
 I teach the choice of means to gain your end.
 If in the Art of Preaching you would rise,
 Be pious, learned, eloquent, and wise.
 While in yourselves these requisites unite,
 Success is certain ; you're the sons of Light.

Should some howe'er, with sacerdotal pride,
 My precepts scorn, my friendly rules deride ;
 Should they perversely into danger run,
 Nor see their weakness 'till they are undone,
 Let honest satire scourge each headstrong fool,
 And justly hold him up to ridicule.

I grant 'tis hard the multitude to please,
 What one applauds as eloquence and ease,

Another will condemn with scornful sneer ;
 And call it language scarcely fit to hear.
 And yet 'twere hard could no divine be found,
 With talents suited to maintain his ground :
 To give instruction with a graceful art ;
 To please the ear as well as mend the heart.
 One have I heard, the best of all the race ;
 For who with WARNER* can dispute the place.

My Muse must not the painful labour spare,
 To show how testy Congregations are.
 With well bred hearers, all must be polite,
 The language graceful, the ideas bright :
 Unless the words in polish'd periods flow,
 The preacher is despis'd as dull and low.

But what is style, or phraseology,
 To those whose whole delight is novelty ?
 Successive whims, vagaries of the mind
 And something new, they ever hope to find :
 With such farrago they'll delighted be,
 And own the charms of sweet variety.

With equal warmth another set exclaims,
 "Give us our Sermons full of learned names ;
 Well fraught with Latin, not devoid of Greek,
 And Hebrew sometimes they must learn to speak,"
 Such sermons prove, deny this truth who can,
 The silly preacher a pedantic man ;

*Rev. Dr. Warner, Clerk in Orders of St. James's
 Westminster, and Chaplain to the Foundling Hospital.

But how such sermons tend to godliness,
Is more than I can sing, or you can guess.

What lavish praises will not some bestow,
On those who make the various passions glow ;
While others would such tricks with horror see,
And deem the preacher's art iniquity.

Incessant motion, some consider good ;
And praise the preacher's attitude ;
These too, for strong vociferation call,
And think he preaches best, who most can bawl :
While others wish for one unvaried tone,
From orator immoveable as stone.
Thus just as whim, or inclination draws,
They judge by partial, not by gen'ral laws.

While tastes so strange and opposite appear,
Preachers and Sermons sure have much to fear
But no great mischief hence ensues I trust
When men are honest, and in censure just ;
The Sacred Priesthood then let none despise
Nor vilify it's Sons with ranc'rous lies.
Let none the Bible scorn, with sinful pride ;
That heav'nly book is man's unerring guide.

As sermons always class mankind in two,
The good and bad ; so, preachers, I class you.
This, to the former then, I have to say ;
Let not preferment stop your heav'nly way,
Relax the ardour of your grand pursuit,
Nor preaching Curates, turn to Rectors mute.

And you, ye wretched herd of preachers vile,
 When this you read, restrain your angry bile.
 If from the crowd I single out a fool,
 'Tis only to elucidate my rule ;
 And not in anger, nor for malice' sake,
 But that the rest may useful warning take.
 For when in others, faults are plainly shown,
 The wise, by seeing them correct their own.

Come then ye sound Divines, whose souls possess
 The only source of human happiness ;
 Ye pious few; in whom we gladly see
 United, Faith and Hope and Charity ;
 Since in your hearts these sacred virtues shine,
 Teach me to feel their energy divine ;
 That I with patience may each evil bear,
 And, when abus'd, may my detractors spare.
 Your aid I crave, your kind assistance ask ;
 I need your guidance in this arduous task :
 For your protection will the Muse defend,
 And bring her labours to the wish'd-for end.

In this grand maxim surely all agree ;
 The end of preaching should instruction be :
 Tho' wit may smile, and eloquence may blaze,
 This point neglected, you'll deserve no praise.
 Without instructing, still declaim you may,
 But call yourselves no Christian preachers pray.

Two points of Doctrine, sermons should contain ;
 Faith, and Good Works : both which I here explain,

Repentance with our Faith we should combine,
 Bewail our Sins, and trust to Grace Divine.
 Our Faith in Christ should firmly rooted be ;
 A faith that sets repentant sinners free :
 A faith that works by love, renews our mind,
 And makes us to our duty well inclin'd ;
 Reforms our nature and renews our heart,
 And teaches man to act a godlike part :
 Restores the Image that we lost thro' sin,
 And brings a present Deity within.

Our good works, thus, from Christain motives spring,
 To us, great peace, to God, much glory bring ;
 Each moral duty, eager we fulfil,
 And as in heav'n, on earth, perform God's will :
 Beyond all worldly things, love God above,
 And as ourselves, our fellow mortals love.

This is the plan all preachers should pursue ;
 This is our Church's Creed and Scripture too :
 In teaching thus, Divines will surely find,
 Themselves grow better as they mend mankind.
 From this chief rule it is all others spring :
 Attend the Muse, while she the rest shall sing.
 Each latent fault my pen shall bring to view,
 And show the preacher how to mend it too.
 A way so plain, so easy will I teach,
 That all my readers may learn how to preach.
 Four precepts to my pupils I impart ;
 Observe them well, and lay them to your heart.

I.

Let your discourse be simple, clear and plain,

II.

And practical the duties you explain ;

III.

Let lucid method e'er maintain its place,

IV.

And warm Affection give the final grace.

I. Plainness.

We may to plainness many faults oppose,
The chief of which I briefly will disclose.
And first, *hard words*, which obsolete are grown ;
Then *wild mysterious thoughts*, the preacher's own :
Rhetoric flights of Fancy, which imply
Unbearable conceit and vanity ;
And *strange old fashion'd phrases*, bursting forth,
In *crabbed sentences* of little worth.

1. *Hard words.*

Plain be your words, from affectation free,
That all you say may comprehended be.
You might as well a barb'rous language use,
As words ambiguous, or as words abstruse.*
When empty sounds alone assail the ear,
With just disdain the Congregation sneer,
First nod contempt, while you preach on in vain,
Then seek by sleep to mitigate their pain.

* 1 Cor. xiv. 11.

E'en social parties do this fault omit,
 Alike condemn'd by men of sense and wit ;
 If you transgress then, you are more to blame,
 Whose duty is at plainest speech to aim.
 Youth fresh from College I can pardon here,
 But with each old offender am severe.

I would not here be understood to mean,
 From learned tongues that we no words should glean.
 Custom has stamp'd some words with sterling worth,
 That yet from Greece or Rome can date their birth.
 From ev'ry clime, some little England takes,
 And when adopted, of the whole she makes
 A pleasing, copious language, free and bold,
 Expressive full as any of the old.
 And yet some speakers are so over nice,
 They'll shun one fault, and rush to t'other vice.
 Forsooth, all sterling English they profess ;
 Discard *immensity* for *immenseness*.
 Dismiss all Latin from their British page,
 And call *Eternity* the *lasting Age*.
 He, who to garble English takes such pains,
 May have a head indeed, but has no brains.

Though rude plebeians often gape and stare
 When in a sermon learned words they hear,
 Yet still the preacher hence incurs no blame,
 While there's just cause to introduce the same.
 In ev'ry Branch terms technical there are ;
 Religion still must claim her proper share .

All men of sense know well you cannot chuse,
 But terms scholastic sometimes you must use ;
 Your apt occasion will those terms defend ;
 You'll have a patient hearing to the end.
 But if to ostentation you give way,
 And merely seek your talents to display,
 A mark'd derision is your only gain—
 Ponder my words, nor let me write in vain.
 Avoid excess, all strange contraries shun,
 Nor be like some, a speaking Lexicon.

Before the Muse this ample head can quit,
 To speak of learn'd quotations it is fit.
 For scraps of Greek and Latin, I'm afraid
 Are not for use, but savour of parade.
 Translations in our days so much abound,
 That all the Fathers tread on British ground.
 In Parish Churches don't attempt to blaze
 A learned star, to make the vulgar gaze ;
 But, when requir'd by University,
 Or made, perchance, of Sion Collège free,
 When all who can may then in Latin speak,
 Then preach to them in Latin or in Greek ;
 By some perhaps not clearly understood,
 Be not uneasy—all pronounce it good.

2. Wild, mysterious thoughts and notions.

Mysterious notions claim the second place ;
 Here errors swarm, and mischief thrives apace.

Hypotheses and Systems not a few,
 Strange wild opinions, old as well as new.
 With these the Pulpit groans ; the weak misled,
 With poison'd food, instead of Manna fed,
 Begin to waver, each opinion try,
 Hold fast to none ; and irreligious die.
 How cautious then each Minister should be,
 Lest he attend too much to theory ;
 Few preach it well, and yet 'tis hard I fear,
 To find as many that are fit to hear.
 With men of learning, and whose sense is sound,
 Your lengthen'd line may touch the depths profound ;
 But to the ignorant and vulgar herd,
 To preach abstractedly is quite absurd—
 Of Supra, or of Sublapsarian choice,
 To prate but ill becomes a human voice.
 That we are fall'n is what we all should know
 And where for help as fallen to men go.
 Persuming, would we God's decrees explain,
 Our feeble minds must labour still in vain.
 Election, Reprobation, Fate, Free-will,
 Are subjects far beyond all human skill :
 And endless mischiefs surely must arise,
 When preachers set these themes before our eyes :
 Neglect to preach the Gospel plain and clear ;
 Conduct us to a maze, and leave us there,
Ignotum per ignotius strive to show,
 And flounder deeper every step they go.

From this do serious mischiefs often flow ;
 Mischiefs that end in everlasting woe.
 Self-taught and self-conceited fools, whose brain
 A mod'rate nut-shell might with ease contain,
 Dispense these Systems with empiric skill,
 And in the end their hapless patients kill.
 Puff'd up with pride, of fancied wisdom vain,
 All useful knowledge they must needs disdain :
 Then dare, with mock precision to explore
 Those mysteries, which Angels but adore :
 All true humility they still deride ;
 And fall like Satan through excess of pride.

These boasters to great knowledge make pretence ;
 But meek and modest is the man of sense.
 Affect not learning then, much less be vain,
 But let clear language useful themes explain :
 Preach the plain Gospel in the good old way,
 And for success on all your labours pray.

3. *Rhetoric flights of Fancy.*

In Rhet'rics slipp'ry paths beware to tread ;
 She breeds a strange confusion in the head.
 The pomp of Art, plain language far exceeds.*
 When truth is strong, no ornament she needs.

In Greece and Rome, where Eloquence did dwell,
 Pure nature taught the art of speaking well.
 Demosthenes and Tully,—matchless names !
 Eternal Fame, with sounding trump, proclaims.

* 2 Cor. i. 12.

Grave Hist'ry's page, and Poets' brighter lays,
 Have never ceas'd to celebrate their praise.
 The meed of excellencē alone they gain :
 Moderns attempt, but still attempt in vain.

A higher praise, Divines, still waits on you,
 Who bring Religion's sacred Truths to view.
 Expanded wide is Scripture's ample page,
 The happy priv'lege of the present age.
 With due attention there let's turn our eyes ;
 Instruct ourselves—make others good and wise.
 In earnest be, if we would well persuade ;
 Nor treat Religion as we would a trade.

Point out to man, how he may plainly see
 Life's but the road to vast Eternity.
 Though your discourse be artless, simple, plain,
 He'll seek, through means of grace, his end to gain.
 But, should you lay a trap for empty praise,
 And wander in false Rhet'ric's flow'ry ways,
 You'll hear, and will mistake dull Folly's horn,
 For Fame's approving Trump ; and be your people's
 Mark well this rule then, for I here explain, [scorn
 Effectual preaching always must be plain.

4. *Strange old-fashioned phrases, and crabbed sentences.*

Attend the Muse wherever she may tread ;
 She now gives lessons on another head.
 Plainness in preaching, likewise does imply
 The absence of a crabbed phraseology.

In common speech a quainter phrase may shine,
 Though unadapted to a theme divine ;
 But still in words uncouth, no man can find
 Wherewith to profit, or amuse the mind.
 Whene'er fantastic phrases we would try,
 We turn bright truth to dark obscurity.
 Yet some pretenders obstinately place,
 This is the test of oratoric grace ;
 " Let speech at home," say they, " be plainly clad,
 But, let your language, when you preach run mad."
 How can such cant with Holy Writ agree ?
 The Scripture's brightest gem 's simplicity.
 All low expressions sacred truth profane,
 The Preacher's foul disgrace, Religion's bane.
 Yet this the turn of ev'ry sickly mind,
 Which aims with fustian to improve mankind ;
 This the sole object many priests pursue :
 Oh grief of griefs ! alas ! the charge is true.
 Again, in madness see, an endless train
 Together crowd, on wide extended plain :
 The Muse indignant feels her choler rise ;
 But calms herself, that she may satirize.
 What sainted cheats, what hypocrites she sees !
 And asks, amaz'd, " are Christians such as these ?"
 Religious madmen, truth's and reason's foes,
 Whose subtil leaders teach them to oppose :
 The foulest canker England ever bred ;
 A dire Chimera with a Hydra head :

A weed, a trunk not bearing wholesome fruit,
 Yet far extending its pestiferous root :
 Of knaves and easy fools a motley race,
 At once our Country's torment and disgrace.

Does not this evil speedy aid require ?
 Oh may the Muse some honest heart inspire
 To stem the torrent, and divert the stream,
 And wake the people from their dang'rous dream.
 Ye Ministers of God's eternal Truth, arise !
 Recal the wand'ers, and illumine their eyes ;
 Nor shrink affrighted at the arduous task,
 For Heav'n will grant whate'er in faith we ask.
 Deluded mortals shall their follies end,
 And gladly to th' ingrafted* word attend.

As a fond mother, when her children stray,
 And, through perverseness, urge a headstrong way
 Disdain instruction, admonition spurn,
 The right path leave, and into bye-ways turn ;
 As she with anguish heaves her throbbing breast,
 While all the parent 's in each look express ;
 So does our Holy Church with grief of heart,
 View, from her side, her wayward sons depart :
 But when those sons within her pale return,
 With joy extatic does her bosom burn ;
 And, as an earthly parent will approve,
 When wand'ring sons return to duteous love ;

* James i. 21.

So does the Church her penitents receive,
And freely all their devious ways forgive.

Hear her instructions then, her voice attend;
She speaks of peace, and joys which never end:
True are her doctrines, Scripture is her guide;
Her handmaid Reason, ever at her side:
For, spite of all each headstrong bigot says,
From Revelation Reason never strays,
But duly exercis'd, she serves to prove
The guilt of sinners and Redeeming love.

Thus then I judge, you labour still in vain
If you in crabbed sentences explain.
The vulgar praise—but what is that to you,
Seek you the plaudits of the wiser few.
Big with conceit, the giddy herd suppose
Mysterious language high attainment shows;
This proves, alas! how void they are of sense;
And shows to judgment they have no pretence,
Mystics may rave, and we may hear them preach;
Excepting nonsense, what do mystics teach?
Here rests the Muse; but e'er she quits this strain,
Remember well, good *preaching must be plain*.

II. Preaching to be practical.

Now mark me well; 'tis all in vain you preach,
While rules impractical you only teach.
Holy to live, and sinful nature mend,
Is, in this life, religion's chiefest end.

Exert your skill, then, as a good divine,
 And give attention to this main design ;
Practice and Piety together blend :
Exhort, persuade, and warmly recommend.

1. *Precept and practice not to be separated.*

Precept and practice, ever mutual friends,
 Point the same way and not to diff'rent ends.
 Judicious precepts fortify the soul :
 Invigorate the good, the bad controul.
 Keep to this point, have this in stedfast view ;
 And all who hear will own the doctrine true.
 Precepts, of piety, implant the root,
 By practice only we discern the fruit.
 Real pious rules, with active morals join'd
 In close alliance, ever let us find.
 And thus united, they with pow'r controul,
 And guide to Heav'n the true converted soul.
 No opposites are there—they will agree,
 And form a System in true harmony.
 Whene'er such principles as these you teach,
 Mankind must benefit by what you preach.
 Mark well Religion—all her precepts tend
 The good to comfort, and the bad to mend.
 But man perverse, too oft to folly runs ;
 And true Relig'ion's admonitions shuns :
 Inflames his fancy, and distracts his brain,
 And notions forms, himself can not explain.

Warm is the Muse—the subject makes her so :
 Be it her task such precious fools to show.
 Contending blockheads eager urge the chase ;
 On Folly's right hand take their proper place :
 Exalted high the stupid brawlers see,
 Swell'd with conceit, and zealous bigotry.

2. Speculation should give place to practical doctrine.

Let speculation nice, and points profound,
 Give place to doctrines practical and sound.
 The debt we owe to God, man's sinful pride,
 The cross of Christ, the Holy Ghost, our guide ;
 The beauty of good works, the state divine
 Of those, whose lights* before their neighbours shine.
 These themes demand the preacher's utmost care ;
 These, oft repeated, let the people hear.
 And would the Preacher well his task fulfil,
 His subject he'll select with proper skill.
 As hard or prosp'rous circumstances rose,
 With these encourage—urge God's threats with those,
 For though one common faith be preach'd to all,
 Yet for distinction circumstance must call.

3. God's attributes are to be descanted upon.

God's holy Attributes you'll ever find
 Fit theme to win the ear, and gain the mind,

* Mat. v. 16.

His Wisdom first endeavour to display,
 As far as Scripture leads, you cannot stray.
 But oh ! presume not, as you dread his rod,
 To seem familiar with the mind of God.*
 That wisdom preach, which form'd the glorious plan,
 Not merely to create, but pardon man.

God's matchless pow'r, in boldest terms proclaim,
 The pow'r to crush this Universal Frame :
 The pow'r to raise each mortal from the dust,
 The bad to punish, and to save the just.

Then teach his justice, which on all bestows
 The portion due of bliss, or endless woes ;
 The meed of grace, on those who do his will ;
 And direful wrath on all who hate him still.

But above all, the gladsome trumpet sound,
 And mercy preach, to earth's remotest bound.
 Mercy, which view'd us in our lost estate,
 And snatch'd transgressors from impending fate ;
 Mercy which freely gave th' Eternal Son,
 A toilsome course of misery to run :
 Which made atonement for the human race,
 And ruin'd sinners chang'd to heirs of grace—
 Mercy extensive as our Parent's fall,
 Sincerely offer'd and design'd for *all*.
 And never unobtain'd, except by those,
 Who to the last, the call of grace oppose.

The Saviour's love to ev'ry soul extends,
 And all repentant sinners are his friends.
 This God declares ;—but what do bigots say ?
 They preach a doctrine full of dire dismay.
 With them, an irrespective, stern decree,
 Or seal'd our happiness, or misery ;
 Some favor'd few, say they, were born for heav'n,
 The rest, pass'd by, to reprobation giv'n ;
 And into everlasting torments sent,
 For sins, of which they never could repent.
 From notions such as these, two errors rise,
 Alike avoided by the truly wise.
 The self-conceited raise their crest on high,
 And rest content in false security ;
 While the rejected, through despair of heav'n
 To dang'rous depths of sinfulness are driv'n.*
 Exert your skill then ; ev'ry method try,
 To give just notions of the Deity ;
 Reclaim the zealot, who would still maintain,
 The gloomy ravings of th' enthusiasts brain ;
 Lay bare the cheat, to all the world expose
 Those base deceivers who the truth oppose.

4. *Religion not inconsistent with Reason and Faith,
 and works not to be separated.*

Behold Religion ! see that Heavenly maid
 Invoking human reason to her aid.

* Article xvii.

"Come let us reason now" our God hath said,
 And shall not this his mandate be obey'd ?
 By reason, rightly manag'd, we may see
 If man's opinions with the truth agree.
 For, though our reason ne'er can comprehend
 The means by which God brings about his end ;
 Though much of Gospel truth still soars on high,
 Beyond the sphere of our capacity ;
 Yet, Scripture's direst foes could ne'er espy,
 'Twixt Faith and Reason, contrariety.
 Reason declares that God should punish guilt,
 And that for spilling Blood, should blood be spilt :
 And yet, as God, in Mercy, form'd a plan,
 To honor Justice, and to pardon man,
 E'en here, impartial Reason will declare,
 That God does right, offending man to spare ;
 And just and good, those terms pronounce to be,
 On which repentant sinners are set free.
 Let Reason then, the handmaid be of grace ;
 And in your Sermons find a constant place ;
 When Faith and Reason thus join hand in hand,
 All infidel attacks they will withstand.
 In your defence, calm reason's force display ;
 Nor fear that reason will your cause betray.
 She dare not but approve the wond'rous plan
 Ordain'd by God to rescue ruin'd man.

By every man of sense 'tis understood
 That good Religion must make morals good.
 Sound faith to action leads, and hence we find,
 The pious Christian to good works inclin'd.
 But strange the fashion of our wayward times,
 Which boasts the art of sanctifying crimes.
 "Faith must be had no matter how we live,"
 All pow'r to faith the Antinomians give.
 Thus man deluded finds his hopes deceive
 And misinterprets God's command—"believe."
 Come honest Muse in glowing colours paint
 The fiery zealot and fictitious saint;
 The *primum mobile* in each the same
 A thirst for pelf, or ardent love of fame.
 To gold all men devoted homage pay,
 Priest's own its pow'r and with the rest obey;
 But even Holy Orders shall not save,
 From just resentment, ev'ry subtle knave.
 Who to the Church for her preferment flies,
 Receives her pay, and deems her tenets lies:
 Subscribes her articles, receives her tithes,
 And secretly with all her foes connives.
 "Among mankind, such wretches can there be?"
 "Stranger to England: prithee come and see."
 And if such men there are, can I forbear
 To pluck the mask, and show them as they are?
 To drive each Round Head from his snug retreat,
 And show to all the world the pious cheat?

- 5 *Papery to be opposed with firmness, but in the spirit of meekness and Christian Charity.*

Fifth of November ! Twenty-ninth of May !
 For England each a memorable day,—
 How truly grateful should her children be,
 The blest effects of two such days to see !
 For now, no British Subject is compell'd,
 By crafty Priests, in bondage to be held.
 Pardons and Bulls, indulgencies and beads,
 Confessions, Masses, and fallacious Creeds,
 The Priesthood's engines, and their flocks' disgrace,
 No more our Churches' holy aisles debase.

Yet mark the gen'rous mildness of our Laws ;
 Though disapproving of the Papal cause,
 Still have the Papists leave their Mass to say,
 And worship God, their own peculiar way :
 This is no more than just—for they, and all
 To their own Heav'nly Master stand or fall.
 Let *them* use fire and faggot if they need ;
 Compulsion forms no part of England's creed :
 And Papists, Quakers, Methodists, and Jews,
 And Independents who their Pastors chuse,
 Moravians, Baptists, and Socinians bold,
 And men who *all* or *no* opinions hold.

These, of our Laws, the kind protection share ;
And none to hinder or molest them dare.

But though we tolerate, shall we forbear
To warn the people of each crafty snare ?
Say, shall our Clergy tamely bear to see
Their people fall a prey to subtilty ?
Ah no ! speak out, and show, how, led astray,
Unthinking man pursues a devious way ;
Expose that mock infallibility,
On which blind zealots only can rely :
Of Transubstantiation show the cheat ;
Prove that our Saviour's off'ring is complete :
Deny that dispensation can be giv'n
For deeds repugnant to the will of heav'n.
Denounce the homage paid to wood and stone,
And teach mankind to worship God alone.
Dispel that vain illusion of the mind
That *oaths tow'ards Heretics can never bind*.
See that your people through *no* Papist fall,
But, oh ! beware of Jesuits, more than all.
This crafty sect, of ev'ry man the foe,
A secret influence gain where'er they go.
Both Pope and Protestant alike inthral ;
And proudly lord it, Masters of them all.
Arise then Britons ! Priests and Laymen join !
And clear your Land from ev'ry Jesuit's shrine ;
Imperium in imperio, cautious, shun ;
And see your danger, e'er you are undone.

While thus tho', *fortiter in re*, you teach,
Suaviter in modo, be your speech ;
 Your Brother's errors set before our view,
 But give your Brother ev'ry honor due.
 Be, charity to all, your constant plan ;
 And, hating his offence, still love the man.

All wide extremes with equal caution shun,
 Avoid Charybdis, nor on Scylla run.
 All dang'rous errors tend but to destroy,
 Here let us then unwearied pains employ,
 To stem their force, and clearly to display
 To all mankind, the new and living way
 To win God's favour ; and, at last, attain
 Immortal life, and freedom from all pain,

While mad divisions in the Church prevail,
 And each will at his neighbour's tenets rail,
 (Malice in heart and frantic zeal in head)
 All are alike by fatal error led.
 To such as these, on Christian love descant ;
 Tell them to cherish this, and leave their rant.
 The gen'rous Christian, from resentment free,
 Views man with universal charity ;
 But mad-brain'd zealots, peace and love withstand,
 And deal damnation with unsparing hand.
 Yet who sees not, that here proud man is wrong,
 Judgment's not his, but does to God belong.
 Such partial fondness in all sects we see,
 They all condemn who dare to disagree.

Be not deluded, ye unthinking throng ;
 The blindly obstinate are always wrong ;
 The fittest means to gain the wish'd for end,
 Unite extremes, and all their errors mend,
 Is to obtain that heavenly charity,
 Which softens each peculiarity ;
 All jarring Sectarists in union binds,
 And drives unhallowed passions from our minds.

Pursue with patience then this steady course,
 Nor dread opposers' weak and feeble force.
 What bold presumer dare this truth deny ?
The bond of human peace is charity.
 Truth by deceivers is assailed in vain :
 Truth is a rock, and will itself maintain.
 Let infidels and bigots rave and rail,
 God's holy word shall finally prevail.
 Obedient man his neighbour shall commend,
 And hail each pious Christian as his friend.
 Thus shall it be—then bravely persevere,
 Preach peace my sons, on no account forbear.
 Let charity prevail, and love increase,
 'Till foul dissensions end in Christian peace.
 The rich, the poor, the weak, the cultur'd brain,
 Their duty gladly hear, nor hear in vain,
 When holy rules of life your doctrines teach,
 For they can touch the heart, and conscience reach.
 Be firm, and yet be mod'rate,—this you'll find,
 The only way to benefit mankind.

III. Preaching to be Methodical.

DISTINCTIVE method gives a graceful ease,
 'Tis nature's walk and never fails to please :
 It clears the **mist** that hovers round the brain,
 Turns **doubt to truth**, and difficult to plain.
 The **whole** is perfect, where the parts combine,
 There **order**, **method**, and **connexion** join ;
 Each helps the other, with assisting light,
 Till true perfection captivates the sight.
 I need not urge, what all mankind must know
 The **great improvements** which from **method** flow ;
 To **memory**, **beneficent** and **kind**,
 Fair **reason's** clue, **conduiter** of the mind.

Which **method's** best no way concerns the Muse ;
 Discreetly judge yourself, and rightly chuse.
 Various the subject, so must **method** be,
 One **form** alone, will not to all agree.
 'To aid the cause, and give the preacher ease,']
 The best directions I conceive are these—
 Glide **smoothly** forward in an even course,
 Nor weak and lax, nor overstrain'd by force.
 Whene'er you try the imitative art,
 To vie with Nature in a counterpart,
 Fit for your hearers let your subject be ;
 For few are blest with strong capacity.

They will their point, with readiness obtain,
 Whose rules are simple, obvious, clear and plain ;
 But if obscure, confusion must ensue,
 Which wounds the sense, and clogs the mem'ry too.
 Aim not to catch your hearers by surprize ;
 It may amuse, but ne'er can make them wise.
 Trust not to wit, 'twill lead the wise astray ;
 And sacred truth with treachery betray.
 In laughing colours tho' a Tristram paint,
 Yet grave instruction best becomes the saint.
 To please the ear at sanctity's expense,
 To shine in wit, where you should reign in sense,
 May gain the plaudits of unthinking fools ;
 But 'tis a fault repugnant to my rules.

When in profusion many parts abound
 All order's lost, and you yourself confound.
 Diffusive subjects skill may yet reduce,
 And notice only those that are of use ;
 Thus, still the matter further to explain,
 I'll briefly show what method's rules contain.
Judicious choice first in your *Text* display.
 Then *preface well* what you intend to say,
 The *main discourse* must next appear in place,
 And *application* give the whole a grace.

1. *The Text to be judiciously chosen.*

First in your text, I charge you be discreet ;
 Avoid the semblance of a vain conceit.

Should idle fancies ever here take place,
 'Twill prove the ready road to sure disgrace.
 Sport not with texts; this would the good provoke;
 'Tis vile abuse, with Holy Writ to joke:
 On sacred subjects men should serious be,
 And treat Religion with solemnity.
 How strange it is, that some with ardour burn,
 To chuse a text of some mysterious turn;
 They leave a certain, for a doubtful way,
 And fondly think their learning they display.
 What texts for sermons suitable may be,
 From certain obvious points, you'll plainly see.
 These ask your care; these claim the preacher's art;
 These best inform, and best engage the heart.
 Clear simple truths the greatest force contain;
 No comment need they, they themselves explain.
 Some husky souls, will, to our notice bring
 A barren text, from whence no use can spring.
 Puff'd up with pride, they think themselves divine,
 If thro' their embers, but one spark should shine.
 These pompous empty fools pretend to show
 Their wit and wisdom, yet they nothing know,
 Their vain conceit impels them on to fame,
 They love their way, and blunder into shame.
 Can we expect they'll any meaning find,
 While they remain so destitute of mind;
 The shame and scandal of the priestly race,
 They blur the Scripture, and the cause disgrace.

2. *The Text and Preface should agree.*

The preface with the text should well agree,
 And to the subject bear analogy.
 If in your ref'rence you are too remote,
 This, as an error I would have you note.
 Keep to your text then, have that still in view;
 Avoid a Lab'rinth, where you have no clue.
 The fewest words will best your purpose suit;
 For leafy trees bear not the choicest fruit.
 Text link'd to text, a long unwieldy train,
 Too often puzzles, seldom can explain.
 Short explications should the sense impart,
 In common words, and not in terms of art.
 In fine-spun, nice distinctions never prate;
 Nor criticise in style elaborate;
 To common ears this will no profit bring,
 And at the best, is but an idle thing:
 Yet this sad error we too often find
 In pompous blockheads of a little mind;
 With Commentators making great parade,
 Their vain opinions carefully display'd:
 When learned Doctors thus shall disagree.
 Men quit the faith for infidelity.

What should reform them, thus becomes their bane ;
 And fair Religion yields to satan's reign.
 The good, the bad, the wise, the fool the same,
 Loose all distinction for an empty name.

While men will preach in inconsistent strain,
 They labour to improve their flock in vain.
 Fond fancy teems, if reason quits the rein,
 And wild vagaries ramble through the brain.
 And oft weak heads, tho' with their hearts sincere,
 Quit godlike confidence for restless fear.
 Then leave those points where doubts and scruples rise
 Pursue plain truth, and Scripture precepts prize ;
 Thus from your fold no straggling sheep shall stray,
 Nor to Sectarians fall an easy prey.

The Muse suspects 'tis pride that swells the heart,
 Whene'er the preacher plays the pedant's part ;
 Should all the Fathers in one point agree,
 Some men dissent from singularity.
 What dang'rous pride must to that man belong,
 Who thinks that he is right, all others wrong !

From Satan's first suggestions we may trace
 This haughty pride, which taints the human race.
 To "be as Gods," with idle aim we strive*
 And thence alas our direst woes derive :
 Would we but own our faults to God above,
 He'd fill our hearts with wisdom, peace, and lov

3. *The main Discourse to be suitable.*

The main discourse the Muse will next explain,
 And show a two-fold mode your end to gain.
 Let one assertion o'er the whole preside,
 Or into various heads your text divide ;
 Should you adapt the first, *one* maxim clear
 Throughout your Sermon, plainly should appear,
 Your bus'ness then to propagate *one* truth,
 And from the Scripture bring convincing proof :
 'The fall of man—God's mercy to redeem—
 Of such discourse might be the proper theme ;
 For though to other subjects you allude,
 With what you first began, you should conclude.

But if your copious text require to be
 In heads divided ; have but two or three.
 Use your best skill these obvious parts to find,
 And sever them, but not to atoms grind.
 Fine-spun distinctions will your plan confound,
 The sense grows languid, as the words abound.
 And yet some Priests—their names ? I scorn to write 'em,
 Divide and sub-divide *ad infinitum*.
 Entangled systems these like spiders spin ;
 You find no end ; they ev'ry where begin ;
 Their mighty chaos comprehend who can ;
 E'en to themselves unknown their wond'rous plan
 Such strange discourses no good end obtain ;
 A Sermon profits most, when most 'tis plain.

4. *The Application to be obvious and practical,*

All holy Scripture for our use was giv'n,
 A light to light us in our road to heav'n ;
 'To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,
 The surest way to profit is confest.
 Let every preacher, then, with pious care,
 Persuade his flock the word of God to hear,
 Still let him urge them on to something more :
 (Mere wayside hearers shall their state deplore)
 By deep attention only do we find,
 The words of Scripture can improve our mind—
 The man of God should teach his flock to pray,
 That hearing, they may learn of heav'n the way :
 That Scripture, well digested may impart
 A godlike vigour to the Christian's heart ;
 The soldier qualify to wield his sword,
 And gain the vict'ry thro' th'engrafted word.
 What to this end bids fairer to conduce
 Than Sermons form'd for individual use ?
 Of all discourses, surely they're the best
 That bring their subject home to each man's breast.
 Are fram'd, not only on a gen'ral plan,
 But say to ev'ry David, "Thou'rt the man."

While thus your Sermon reaches each man's case
 Let practical advice your labours grace.

With diff'rent hearers diff'rent plans pursue,
 And ever keep their character in view ;
 Show the bold Pharisee, his specious boast
 But leaves his soul in vain delusion lost ;
 Lay bare his legal merit's empty claim,
 And strive to lead him to that glorious Name
 Through which alone, the *best* of human kind
 Or peace, or pardon, or salvation find.
 Treat Solifidians in a diff'rent way ;
 Before their eyes, God's dreadful wrath display :
 Advise such faith as purifies the soul,
 Kills the old Adam, and possesses whole ;
 And shines, in holy deeds, a burning light,
 The Christian's safety, and the worldling's spite.

The timid penitent, whose half-form'd trust,
 Scarce lifts his trembling spirit from the dust,
 With kind encouragement your hand should raise,
 And gently lead him thro' Religion's ways ;
 Her fertile pastures place within his reach,
 And how to share her valued comforts teach.

Far other strain of preaching must be tried,
 With the poor victim of religious pride ;
 Who trusts, alas ! to strength of former grace,
 And gives to fatal self-conceit a place.
 Advise that man to scrutinize his life,
 Bring home the case of Lot's backsliding wife :
 Admonish him to hold the Gospel plough,
 While God shall please to leave him here below.

Teach him to pray for grace from day to day,
 And humbly persevere in Sion's way,
 With zeal and watchfulness his race to run,
 And keep his armour 'till the battle's won.

But more than all the hypocrites alarm ;
 These work Religion's cause the greatest harm.
 Themselves in full career on hell's broad way,
 Their pious brethren they would lead astray.
 They practise fraud, they recommend deceit,
 And turn profession to an impious cheat :
 Like painted sepulchres, they're fair to view,
 Like painted sepulchres, a nuisance too ;
 A gorgeous pageant, hiding dead men's bones ;
 A mask of joy, a heart of inward groans ;
 Abhorr'd of all men, and of God accurs'd,
 Their own destroyers, and of fiends the worst.

Yet even these perchance may still repent,
 To save the vilest sinners Christ was sent,
 And who shall limit the transcendent love,
 Of him who reigns our advocate above ?
 Then show the hypocrite his awful case ;
 Tho' hid from man, God views his double face :
 Remind him of the vengeance from on high,
 That waits for all who love and make a lie*
 His daring treasons he may yet abjure,
 And peace, and lasting happiness, procure.

* Rev. xxii. 15.

IV. Preaching should be affectionate.

Some abstract truths, most modes of faith impart;
 The Christian scheme alone, can reach the heart.
 Idolaters in gloomy darkness grope;
 The Jews, at best, had but a distant hope.
 Mahommed's daring flights and paradise,
 The brain bewilder, and the sense entice,
 The Gospel only, makes our duty clear;
 Allures to heav'n, yet makes us happy here:
 To pilgrims here on earth, or Saints above,
 Alike the Gospel breathes transcendent love.

Shall cold indiff'rence then pervade the man
 Commission'd to explain this heav'nly plan?
 Shall he unmov'd the gracious message bear;
 The same to him, who will, or will not hear?
 Think all is finish'd when his Sermon ends,
 Nor deems his congregation foes or friends?
 Read his cold essay, and then seem to say,
 "I've done my duty—take it as you may?"
 Forbid this, sacred truth and heav'nly love!
 Forbid it Jesus, high enthron'd above!
 Let those who follow thy Apostles be
 Distinguish'd for their fervent charity.

Would you, then, Preachers, do your Master's will,
 And your high trust acceptably fulfil;
 Yourselves first take the good advice you give,
 Believe as Christians, and as Christians live.

Make with your hearers but one common cause ;
 The same King's subjects, bound by the same laws.
 And, from your hearts, for this devoutly pray,
 That you yourselves be never cast away.*
 Your interest thus the same, you'll surely be
 United in one kind fraternity ;
 Your exhortations, in good earnest giv'n,
 You'll strive to lead as well as point to heav'n.
 Your hearers' love, your own will surely claim,
 They'll hail you by a father's tender name ;
 You'll show the path in which they ought to go,
 Guide and companion thro' this vale of woe ;
 With you they'll keep in view their Saviour's love,
 You'll bring them safely to the courts above ;
 And thus address th' immortal, heav'nly King,
 " Behold me, here, these children Lord I bring."

END OF THE ART OF PREACHING.

* 1 Cor. ix. 27.

CHRISTOPHER ;
OR, THE COBLER OF AMIENS :

A Tale.

VERSIFIED FROM THE JEWISH SPY.

———DEHINC GNATIA, LYMPHIS
 IRATIS EXTRACTA, DEDIT RISUSQUE, JOCOSQUE ;
 DUM, FLAMMA SINE, THURA LIQUESCERE, LIMINE SACRO,
 PERSUADERE CUPIT. *Horace.*

DID reason but our actions' guide,
 From sacred truth we ne'er' should slide ;
 Things in themselves remain the same,
 However we confound the name :
 Deceitful fraud and foul disguise,
 From motives sinister arise ;
 And widely through the world they spread,
 But most where priestcraft rears its head :
 To prove this truth the Muse' shall bring,
 An instance ; wait, and hear her sing.

IN Amiens' city once did live,
 (The time I can't exactly give)
 A man whose name was Christopher,
 Of sober fame and character ;

His trade was neither more nor less,
 Than fam'd Saint Crispin did profess.
 He tapp'd a heel, he patch'd a hole,
 Or on the last he form'd the sole ;
 And all his work was done so well,
 That very few could him excel :
 Yet, though he took uncommon pains,
 He scarce could live, so small his gains.
 Constant to Mass this Cobler went ;
 His leisure, with the Saints he spent :
 To each he trusted as a friend ;
 He hop'd that they his lot would mend :
 But ah ! inexorable Saints !
 The Cobler still with labour faints ;
 The wish'd-for boon they still refuse,
 And with him all their credit lose.

Our Christopher had oft heard say,
 There scarcely pass'd a single day,
 But some to gain good store of gold,
 Themselves had to the devil sold.
 Where he once rich, he'd live at ease,
 And study but himself to please.
 This thought then struck the Cobler's mind,
 The Devil might to him be kind ;
 He vow'd to him himself to sell,
 If opportunity befel,
 And ev'ry day for Satan pray'd
 So anxious was he for his aid.

But tho' he call'd and call'd again,
 For three long months t'was all in vain.
 Of bus'ness full the Prince of th' air
 As yet had not the time to spare.

One day howe'er, when quite alone,
 Poor Kit was thumping on his stone,
 He thought he saw a grinning Ape ;
 But 'twas old Harry in that shape :
 So well he play'd the Monkey's part,
 At once he won the Cobler's heart ;
 But when to him the old one spake,
 His voice and manner made him quake.

"Take courage honest Kit," said he,
 The best of friends you'll find in me ;
 There 's nothing can delight me more,
 Than selling riches to the poor :
 If to my terms you will agree,
 From pinching want I'll set you free.
 Make known to me your whole desire,
 I'll grant whatever you require ;
 I've often heard you me invoke
 And here I am—I'm not in joke."

"My Lord," says Kit, "I have been told,
 You give estates and sums of gold ;
 If any now you have to spare,
 Pray let me, Sir, your riches share :
 I cannot say how much will do,
 That matter I shall leave to you."

Quoth Satan, " If you'll but agree,
 At last to come and live with me ;
 For thirty years I'll send you gold,
 Increasing still as you grow old.
 How does this suit? come don't delay,
 Give me your answer, yea, or nay?"
 Says Kit, " insure the gold to me,
 And to your bargain I'll agree."

" Enough," cried Satan, " I'm content,
 So please to sign this instrument ;"
 Thus Kit replied "As you 're a clerk,
 Before I put my humble mark,
 'Tis right that you your name should sign,
 By no means must it follow mine."
 The Muse commends the Cobler's care,
 Who thus at least escap'd one snare ;
 Had he first sign'd, without delay
 The old one had borne off his prey.
 Now, both agreed, they sign and seal,
 And Satan turns him on his heel ;
 And only thus to Kit did say,
 " Expect me on th' appointed day,"
 Then vanish'd he, and in the room,
 He left a mighty strong perfume.

Now Christopher began to think
 How well he'd eat, how well he'd drink ;
 He wish'd his first good luck might be
 A thousand *louis-d'ors* to see .

Within the room their burst a flame,
 And instantly the louis came,
 But doubting if the thing were true,
 He rais'd his wish, next time to two ;
 Which in a moment he possess'd,
 And their reality confess'd.

He, to a friend, resign'd his stall,
 His ends, his lasts, his strap, and awl ;
 Grew in a moment rich and great,
 And bought a house and fine estate ;
 A tribe of servants now attends,
 Nor does he want for num'rous friends ;
 His house to ev'ry guest was free,
 He never wanted company :
 Wealth is the god that all adore,
 The worst of crimes is being poor.

Now all affairs succeeded well,
 And nought but happiness befel ;
 'Till fifteen years were past and gone,
 When Kit, who seldom was alone,
 At supper chose his friends to treat
 With better ^{wine} ~~ale~~ than they'd had yet ;
~~Ale~~ he had kept long time in store,
 For intimates, ten years or more :
 He sent his maid to fetch it up,
 While he reach'd down his silver cup ;
 Down to the cellar Jenny hies,
 And there, a man in black she spies.

And such an unexpected sight,
 Occasion'd her a woeful fright :
 "Jenny," cried he, "be not afraid,
 You are, I know, a fav'rite maid ;"
 ('This Jenny was a smart convenient,
 And to her Master most obedient)
 "Go to your Master, let him know
 That one waits for him here below :
 He must not make the least delay,
 But in a moment come away :
 Let him with this command comply,
 Or else I'll wring his neck awry."
 This was in such a cadence spoke,
 As plainly show'd he not did joke.

Jane to her Master told her tale,
 With trembling voice, and visage pale ;
 Yet, from his guests his shame to hide,
 Discreetly call'd him first aside.
 "From what you say," cries Kit, "'tis plain
 The Devil's come to me again ;
 But for my life, I cannot see,
 Why he should come so soon to me."
 Down to the cellar then he went,
 And took with him the instrument.
 He thought, if Nick would that review,
 He'd see one half his time was due.
 "You're come," says Satan, "Sir, I see ;
 Now you must go and live with me.

"My Lord," says Kit, "it plain appears
That you're mistaken fifteen years,
But that you may more clearly see,
I've brought the bond along with me."

Cried Satan, "I'm prepared to show,
From this same bond, you ought to go ;
Of nights and days full fifteen years,
Are past as by th' account appears ;
Tell me now, prithee, dont you find
These two make thirty, when combin'd.
That is, I'm sure their fair amount ;
For thus it is Infernals count :
This rule I will not break for you,
So Christopher you are my due ;
But since you can't escape your end,
And still I wish to be your friend,
Just one more hour I will bestow,
And when that's past, away you go."

Kit to his friends returned again,
His thoughtful brow to all made plain,
He labour'd with some discontent,
Which caus'd a great astonishment,
They begg'd that he would let them know,
What thus had fill'd his heart with woe ;
"For thus," said they, "you'll surely find
Much ease and comfort to your mind."
To take their counsel he thought best,
And all the horrid truth confest.

There was but one, so says my tale,
 But turn'd at the relation pale;
 He was indeed a brawny priest,
 Constant attendant at a feast;
 No wonder then to see him there,
 For Kit could give the best of fare:
 But I'm amaz'd indeed, to see
 The Friar's generosity.
 Firm he arose, and thus he said,
 "Take courage Kit, be not afraid,
 For by the beard of holy Paul,
 I will, this time the Devil maul.
 Take you this candle in your hand,
 And mind you do what I command:
 You'll straightway to his Highness go,
 Who in the cellar waits below,
 And to his worship thus you'll say
 'While this snuff burns allow my stay,'
 He's sure to grant you your request,
 Come back, and leave to me the rest."
 Away went Kit, unto the Devil,
 Who, as the Friar guess'd prov'd civil;
 Consented to postpone his call,
 (He saw the candle was but small)
 He said he'd stay while that did burn,
 And bid him to his guests return.
 He told his friends with heavy heart,
 He fear'd he quickly must depart;

For Satan vehemently swore,
 He should not stay one moment more,
 Than that snuff burnt, which burnt so fast,
 He fear'd t'would not five minutes last.

"Ah!" quoth the Priest, "by Jove 'tis hard;
 But trust me Kit, I'll play a card
 Shall rob the Devil of his prey,
 And put an end to your dismay:
 The Holy Water will, no doubt,
 Prevent the candle's going out."
 In sacred lymph he dipp'd the same,
 When brighter burnt the glowing flame;
 Thus by the Friar's subtile trick,
 Our cobbler clean escap'd Old Nick;
 Who, though he made a plaguy rout,
 Could never put the candle out:
 E'en to this day remains the hole,
 Through which abash'd the Devil stole;
 So deep it sinks into the ground,
 That none have yet the bottom found.

Now master Kit, some little time,
 Was order'd Penance for his crime;
 Besides to make the matter sure,
 And to complete a perfect cure,
 Kit, as advis'd, left to the monks
 The money hoarded in his trunks.
 In Purgatory, as they say,
 His soul did not one moment stay:

But quickly gain'd it's journey's end,
 Because he was the Church's friend.
 And even to the present hour,
 The candle owns the Friar's pow'r ;
 Tho' ages two or three are past,
 It burns—and unconsum'd will last,
 Our veneration to excite ;
 But—all who see it—give their mite.
 And, 'tis by calculators thought,
 More cash it to the Church has brought,
 Than all that Christopher did clear
 From Satan, to the fifteenth year.

Blind zealots here their vows repeat ;
 But we who know, detest the cheat.
 When once men stray from reason's rules,
 Then Superstition makes them fools ;
 And Priestcraft, with its wily snares,
 Their mind entangles unawares ;
 Call they but reason to their aid,
 How quickly does delusion fade ?
 In paths of Truth would we abide,
 Let Reason be our constant guide:



A TRANSLATION

Of the Fifteenth Ode of the IId Book of Horace.

OUR palaces so num'rous grow,
 That scarcely land is left to plough;
 Wide spreading ponds we Moderns make,
 Exceeding far the Lucrine Lake:
 Umbrageous elms resign their place
 To barren plantain's leafless race;
 Here violets and myrtles grow,
 And fragrant herbs profusely blow,
 Where lately olives did afford,
 Support and pleasure to their lord.
 The laurel's shade, from sultry heat,
 No longer forms a cool retreat.
 Not thus, when Romulus did reign;
 Nor thus do Cato's laws ordain:
 Our Country's manners then were plain.
 The common stock was ample store,
 Each individual then was poor:
 No porticos were spread around,
 A huge incumbrance on the ground:
 Nor stately piles, vain pride to please,
 Which catch the cooling northern breeze;
 Then, 'twas unlawful to despise
 A hut which might by chance arise;
 And piety, no cost would spare,
 To keep the temples in repair.

AN

EPISTLE ON THE TIMES.

UNHAPPY Britain now we see,
 In wretched plight and misery.
 The fall of learning I deplore,
 And fate of authors, always poor ;
 A shabby coat no friends can find,
 Tho' sense and virtue grace the mind ;
 From hence 'tis plain, and all must own,
 Old England now begins to groan.
 Affairs are in a tott'ring state :
 But Kingdoms must submit to Fate.
 The poor have now no food to eat,
 While great one's plunder, rob, and cheat.
 Fair liberty with Wilkes has fled,
 And left oppression in her stead.
 Not one of all our venal tribe,
 Has courage to resist a bribe ;
 From recent facts it may be shown,
 They to themselves are traitors grown :
 Of all this mischief, what's the root ?
 These dreadful ills arise from Bute.
 With titles dazzled, one gives way ;
 A pension, will the next betray ;
 A third, does for a place agree ;
 And then farewell to honesty.

We cannot hope that they intend
 The Nation's evils to amend ;
 Their own advantage they pursue ;
 What more can modern Patriots do ?
 Should we e'er see, by any chance,
 A friend in our defence advance ;
 Perhaps he'd feel a fatal stroke,
 Like Townshend, when for truth he spoke.
 For still does cruel Fate decree,
 That we should sink in misery,
 On foreign shores, see Edward dies !
 And wrests the tears from British eyes.
 Some crafty monk no doubt did plot
 His death, to please the ambitious Scot ;
 Who, tho' in grief he seems to be,
 Is master of hypocrisy.
 This vice prevails thro' all the clan ;
 They're all deceivers, to a man.
 Hosts of examples prove it true ;
 I many more could bring to view.

CÆTERA DESUNT.

AN ACROSTIC

On WILL. ROBE. 1746.

W hen man is born, he is decreed
 I n checquer'd paths, his life to lead ;
 L argely to day his stores abound ;
 L o ! none are on the morrow found :

R ough, and then smooth, a varied state ;
 O ft sinking, oft becoming great :
 B oth these extremes disturb our rest ;
 E njoy a medium, that is best.

A SONG,

WITHOUT A PATRONESS. 1746.

1.	2.
An ! cruel Fair,	'Tis thee I love,
Beyond compare,	By far above,
Some pity on me take ;	All other Nymphs that be ;
My chiefest care,	I ne'er will rove,
And lovely dear,	But constant prove ;
Why will you me forsake ?	Then, prithee Sweet ! love me,

A TRANSLATION.

Of part of OVID'S 18th EPISTLE. 1750.

Leander to Hero.

ON Sestian maid ! Leander here doth send
 His pray'r for thee : did fav'ring seas befriend,
 Himself would bring it with unknown delight,
 Nor would you view, with discontented sight,
 This long Epistle, did the Gods prove kind ;
 But now to favor they are not inclin'd.
 Say, could I, else my eager wish restrain,
 Fearless to plunge, and cut the liquid main ?
 Look round, and see what threat'ning clouds appear ;
 While howling winds the swelling surges tear,
 And timid ship-men present dangers fear. }
 Yet one the bravest of the wat'ry host,
 Unfurls his sail, and quits his native coast :
 'Tis he, my fair, whose dauntless hand conveys
 The present notice of our long delays ;
 With him, in spite of the tremendous gale,
 The anchor weigh'd, I had prepar'd to sail :
 But all Abydos wiew'd me from the strand,
 Else I had steer'd to Hero's Sestian Land.

Conscious, I paus'd, unwilling to reveal
That sacred love, we hitherto conceal.

What pleasure now, what comfort can I find,
But thus, by writing, to relieve my mind ?
Go, dear Epistle, faithful to my love,
Touch her soft hand, my ardent passion prove.
Her iv'ry teeth impatient, break the seal :
Then, happy messenger ! a kiss you steal.
In soothing terms this whisper I exprest ;
My willing hand with speed inscrib'd the rest :
But how much rather had it lave the main,
Than merely write while pensive I complain ?
It more delights it to repel the force
Of swelling waves, and steer the well known course ;
Yet still it can, my ardent flame to tell,
Proclaim that love that time can never quell.

For sev'n long nights do furious tempests rage ;
How long the time ! to me it seems an age.
For that long time, may still the storm increase ;
May winds and waves deny the seamen peace ;
If, for this week, my madly tortur'd breast,
Enjoy'd the sweets of kind refreshing rest.
From some tall craggy cliff I pensive see
That blissful land, where I myself would be,
But find, in thought alone, I'm there with thee.
Either, mine eyes their office do betray,
Or else, I see the taper's streaming ray,

}

High on the tower's top, by whose kind light,
 Through the dark waves, I steer my course aright,
 Myself I strip, to plunge into the main ;
 'Then dress—then strip—then dress—and strip again.
 The roaring surges thrice, naked, did I brave ;
 And as I swam, the proud disdainful wave,
 With matchless force, oppos'd my daring arm ;
 And drove me back, alas ! from whence I came.
 Yet still, &c. &c.



GOOD ADVICE.

A FRAGMENT. 1750.

Ah ! who can hope, when virtue once is lost,
 To wipe the spreading stain of guilt away ?
 Say, will the wretch, who blasted beauty's bloom
 Receive pollution to his faithless arms,
 And recompense the wrong ? Then oh ! beware
 Of each seducer's specious art, and prize
 Fair chastity ; once lost, no more regain'd.

A TRANSLATION
OF THE 97th PSALM. 1750.

1.

The Lord of Hosts, the heav'nly King,
Bears universal sway ;
Thou earth rejoice, ye Islands sing,
And willingly obey.

2.

Clad in the awful pomp of night,
With darkness round him spread ;
His truth and justice beam their light,
And mercy rears her head.

3.

The bursting flames before his feet
In curling columns rise ;
Their final doom the wicked meet :
Their groans assail the skies.

4.

The livid lightning's dreadful glare
Illuminate the night ;
And trembling mortals scarcely dare
Behold the awful sight :

5.

The hills before the Lord retreat ;
Behold how swift they fly !

Like melting wax subdu'd by heat,
They waste as he draws nigh.

6.

This grand terrestrial sphere below,
God's mighty pow'r displays ;
And all the heavenly bodies show
Their great Creator's praise.

7.

How great a guilt have they incurr'd
Who worship wood and stone ;
Their idle pray'rs shall ne'er be heard :
Our God is God alone.

8.

When tidings of our heavenly King
To holy Sion came,
Loudly did Judah's daughter sing,
And magnify his name.

9.

No Prince nor earthly Potentate
His power can withstand.
Nor heathen god however great
Resist his stern command.

10.

Whoe'er would truly serve the Lord
From evil must refrain ;
And God shall keep him through his word,
From snares of wicked men.

11.

Lo ! from afar breaks forth a light,
 That lends its genial rays ;
 It fills the godly with delight,
 And pure of heart with praise.

12.

Ye righteous then, in songs of joy,
 To God your voices raise ;
 His goodness should your thoughts employ ;
 Your voices sing his praise.

THE COMPLIMENT.

*Spoken extempore on Miss A. Diotiguardi, who
 desired the Author to write versss upon her.*

1750.

CONSIDER lovely fair one what you ask ;
 Then judge if I am equal to the task :
 Forbid by Love* to animate my lines,
 The bold attempt, my conscious Muse declines,
 Too great the subject for her tender wing ;
 But chuse some humbler theme, and she shall sing.

* He paid his addresses to another Young Lady.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

VENUS, a fiction of the Poets' mind,
 In thee dear Maid a living truth I find ;
 Thou the real goddess, whom they did but feign :
 Then let not ardent passion plead in vain.
 In Venus' form, with Venus' pow'r divine,
 Look with compassion on a love like mine ;
 Assume the Goddess, condescending prove,
 And deign to crown my never ceasing love.

THE COMPLAINT.

*Spoken extempore by Mrs. E. Thompson, formerly
 Miss Lowe. 1755.*

"I, by sad experience find
 Great deceit in all mankind."

THE REPLY,

Spoken extempore by Mr. ROBE.

L et not the wiles of crafty men betray,
 O let not beauty be to art a prey.
 W hatever pangs the female breast may feel,
 E xcept lost virtue, time those pangs will heal.†

† It is very remarkable that the Acrostic on the word Lowe, was produced accidentally;

THE LAMENTATION.

*Addressed to Miss ELIZABETH JOHNSON, occasioned by
the Author's having been disappointed of dancing
with her at BUNGAY ASSEMBLY, Oct. 18, 1755.*

FAIN would I now the fleeting hours recal ;
Bring back last night, and Bungay's brilliant Ball :
But ah ! how vainly I my fate deplore,
And wish I'd known your Father's† mind before.
In sprightly dance, I then, with sweet delight,
Had shar'd with thee the pleasures of the night.
Who would not deeply at my lot repine ?
To loose a girl above her sex divine !
Oh ! how I envied happy Mr. B.
Whose presence robb'd me of felicity.
Could you dear maid your own perfection see,
You would not chide but surely pity me.
But still I will not yield, to dire despair ;
For surely thou art good as thou art fair.
“ Hope springs eternal in the human breast ; ”
And I hereafter may with thee be blest :
Bungay remains, another Ball there'll be ;
And fair Eliza then will dance with me.

† Who seemed at first to oppose the Author's going, though
he consented to it afterwards.

ROSALIND ;

OR, THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

A Song,

Sung at Vauxhall: the Music by M. R. Hudson.

1756.

1.

When Rosalind, that blooming Nymph, was seen,
In sprightly dance, upon the village green,
Surrounding swains admir'd her graceful air ;
And Strephon cried, " Who can with her compare ?"

2.

'Twas he alone obtain'd this valu'd prize ;
He seem'd most pleasing in the fair one's eyes :
And as he led her blushing through the throng,
" Sweet maid," he cried " I thought thy absence long."

3.

" To watch my flocks upon the verdant plain,
I deem'd a pleasure once, tho' now a pain ;
My num'rous flocks, so late my only care,
Neglected stray if Rosalind's not there."

4.

" Then haste my charmer, haste and come away,
Nor lose the precious moments by delay,
Propitious thou to my true love incline ;
My herds, my flocks, my farm shall all be thine.

PART OF

MOLIERE'S MISANTHROPE,

TRANSLATED 1746.

THE more I love, I still the more do chide ;
 A love sincere can no defects abide :
 By common laws we never love restrain ;
 But in our Mistress seek for faults in vain.
 In that fair Nymph who lights the tender flame,
 Nought can we see to censure or to blame.
 Whatever faults our fav'rite fair possess,
 We by some qualifying name express ;
 The ghastly pale, are term'd like lilies white,
 Black girls are call'd brunettes, in reason's spite :
 Your skeletons possess a graceful ease ;
 And chubby en bon-point is sure to please.
 A slattern too, in whom no graces dwell,
 By love is styled an unaffected Belle ;
 And every lass of Patagonian size,
 A sacred Goddess seems in lovers' eyes :
 While ev'ry puny dwarf, is sure to be
 Of all perfections, an Epitome.

The proud, the haughty, the disdainful fair,
 Are Queens, endow'd with real majestic air;
 The pert conceited minx, a wit must be;
 The fool, good-natur'd, affable and free:
 Incessant talking is brisk repartee,
 And humdrum silence, that is modesty.
 Thus by false optics does the lover see,
 And finds perfection in deformity.



THE VALENTINE ;

*Or Verses addressed to the Author by three Sisters, and
 sent to him by the Penny Post, 14th Feb. 1756 ;
 written on a piece of Paper cut in the shape
 of a Heart.*

THIS is the day, as I am told, '
 On which the birds their mind unfold ;
 And to each other do relate
 Their loves—and each selects its mate.
 They fix on those who will prove true ;
 But chuse them not as I chuse you.
 I take you for my Valentine,
 But never, Sir, will make you mine.

THE AUTHOR'S REPLY.

Lines in the outward envelope.

Lest any here should anxious be
About the favour sent to me,
Those charming verses, quite divine,
I mean your famous Valentine
What is inclos'd is meant for her
Who did on me the gift confer.

Superscription of the Letter.

Whose this must be, I cannot fancy ;
But 'tis for Sarah, Bess, or Nancy.

The Letter .

'Tis true, fair Sally, as you say,
'This is the season to be gay ;
The feather'd choir begin to sing,
Enlivn'd by the genial spring ;
The male his passion does declare
Unto the kind consenting fair :
All nature's at this season gay,
Then let us, Ladies, sport and play.

You promise fair that you'll prove true,
 I doubt that's more than you can do.
 To make such promise is not right,
 For frequent change is your delight;
 Your love does with the birds' agree;
 Like them you hail variety.

Sally, perhaps I'm in the wrong:
 My verse to Betsy may belong;
 Still then, 'twill fit her to a T,
 She's jst like you for constancy.
 If 'tis not Betsy, then I say,
 To you I write, my pretty Nancy.
 I think the same of all the three—
 You're all averse to constancy.

Thus then, I honestly declare;
 Since of your hearts I have no share,
 Not all your charms, howe'er divine,
 Shall for a moment capture mine.
 So spread your lines on other ground,
 Where inexperienc'd birds abound;
 Nor seek a Valentine in me,
 Who thro' your schemes can plainly see.

IPHIS AND ANAXARETE ;

TRANSLATED FROM OVID,

AND INTENDED AS AN EPISODE TO

Pope's *Vertumnus* and *Pomona* :

 TO BE INSERTED BETWEEN THE LINES

" O crown so constant and so pure a fire,"

AND

" So may no frosts when early buds appear."

LET soft compassion touch your gentle mind,
 'Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind ;
 Dread the just Vengeance of the Gods above,
 Nor let thy hate provoke the Queen of Love.
 But mutual passion let my flame inspire,
 And fear to move the stern Rhamnusia's ire.
 And now to fill your virgin breast with fear,
 Lend to my tale a strict attentive ear ;
 No idle fiction shall your faith deceive,
 I tell what Gods can vouch, what men believe.
 A tale I tell, that must subdue your mind,
 Relax your stern resolve, and make you kind :
 A tale that lengthen'd years have given to me,
 And friendship bids me thus impart to thee.

Iphis, a swain of mean and low degree,
 By chance had seen fair Anaxarete.
 The Virgin sprang from Teucer's noble race,
 Nor did plebeian blood her line disgrace.
 Long had her matchless charms inflam'd his soul ;
 His passion fiercely rag'd, and spurn'd controul.
 At length a suppliant to the Fair he came,
 And at her threshold breath'd his ardent flame :
 The swain with tears her aged nurse address'd,
 While fault'ring words betray'd his lab'ring breast,
 He urg'd her, as she lov'd her darling care,
 To plead his cause, and save him from despair.
 At times he'd sue her vast domestic train,
 And strive by gen'rous gifts their aid to gain.
 Oft in his hand a letter would he bear,
 And thus entreat, " Oh ! give it to my fair."
 Oft would he place, amidst her shady bowers,
 Chaplets and wreaths of sweetly blooming flowers.
 Now at her gate, recumbent on his side,
 Her bolts and bars with bitterness he'd chide.

The Nymph continued deaf as is the Main
 When fiercest tempests heave it's swelling plain.
 More hard than marble her unfeeling heart,
 Or iron harden'd by the Noric art.
 Iphis in vain his wayward fate bemoans,
 His sighs she scorns, unmov'd she hears his groans.
 The swain she spurn'd, and not one cheering ray
 Of hope e'er glimmer'd on his dark dismay.

Iphis no longer could his torments bear ;
 And nought remain'd but dire and dark despair.
 Before her door he sighs his last adieu—
 “ Lo ! constant Iphis dies, and dies for you !
 My irksome suit no longer need you fear,
 No fresh entreaties shall assail your ear.
 Exulting, triumph now, oh ! cruel fair,
 And joyous Pæans sing for my despair.
 Victorious laurel round your temples tie
 And gladly see the wretched Iphis die.
 You conquer now—how savage is your choice
 Who rather in my death than life rejoice.
 Yet dying, I will force thee to commend ;
 And claim thy pity by a hapless end.
 Since this alone will please thy cruel mind,
 If not to me, be to my merit kind.
 With Iphis still unshaken love shall stay,
 Nor till I yield my breath, shall pass away.
 Wretched indeed, a double death I prove ;
 I lose my life, and more than life, my love.
 My cruel death the sounding trump of Fame,
 Shall to all lovers, in all climes proclaim.
 The Gods, who make mankind their constant care,
 Shall think of me, and hear my latest pray'r ;
 And future times my name shall raise on high,
 And grant to fame what you to love deny.
 Meantime, I'll shortly feast thy cruel eyes,
 And with my lifeless corpse thy soul surprize.”

Then on her gate he casts a languid look ;
 His feeble frame with trembling horror shook.
 Where fragrant flowers shed their sweets divine,
 The wretched lover fix'd the fatal line.
 " Ah cruel maid," in mournful plaints he cried,
 When round his neck the murd'rous noose he tied;
 " May this suffice—may this avenge my wrongs
 And teach what woe to cruelty belongs."
 His pendent feet assail her massive gate—
 It groans responsive to his piteous fate.
 At length the servants hear the mournful sound,
 The gate is open'd, and the lover found.
 At first, they gaze in silence on the sight ;
 And then a thrilling shriek denotes their fright.
 Mov'd by compassion to assist the swain,
 Each art they try, but try each art in vain.
 Straight to his mother's house they Iphis bear,
 And fill her anguish'd soul with dire despair.
 His breathless corpse her wither'd arms enfold ;
 Herself almost a corpse, infirm and old.—
 Yet still her grief to pious care gave way,
 Those rites were paid which to the dead we pay,
 And on the bier the wretched Iphis lay. }
 Forth then she brought him, with a heart of woe,
 To pitying crowds the mournful sight to show.
 Now as the fun'ral march'd, in solemn state,
 It pass'd before the haughty fair one's gate.

Her ears receiv'd the heart-appalling sound ;
 And soon the vengeance of the Gods she found.
 Strongly impell'd by curiosity,
 She bent her steps the passing crowd to see.
 With eager haste, she to the window flew,
 When lo ! the ghastly object met her view—
 Scarce did her eyes behold her lover dead,
 When o'er those eyes a stony hardness spread ;
 Unusual paleness o'er her body rose,
 And the chill'd blood within it's channels froze,
 Fain would she now her footsteps backwards trace,
 And cease to gaze on Iphis' pallid face :
 But Fate relentless had her doom decreed ;
 In vain the fair one struggles to recede :
 Hardness no longer rules her heart alone,
 It spreads thro' ev'ry pore ; she's turn'd to stone !

Whoe'er at famous Salamis has been,
 The cruel Anaxarete has seen ;
 'Tis there, in Venus' Fane, she'll ever prove
 How great the Gods avenge a slighted love.

Then warn'd by her, Pomona, oh ! forbear
 To drive the swain who loves thee, to despair,
So may no frosts, &c. &c.

Translation from *Obid.* 1757.

THOUGH much I doubt to me thou'lt not incline;
Still dearest maid, thou must, thou shalt be mine.
Should o'er our Fates the Gods themselves preside;
In spite of Gods or Fate, I'll claim my bride.

Verses addressed to any Young Lady. 1757.

YE sacred Nine inspire my verse,
That I may Delia's praise rehearse;
A Nymph adorn'd with every grace,
The fairest of the female race;
To sing her praises I aspire,
Oh! grant me then Apollo's Lyre.

Written Extempore

ON MISS CELIA STANTON. 1757.

A FACE so fair bespeaks a noble mind—
In Celia worth and beauty are combin'd.
Of cautious choice, when once she owns a swain,
She scorns to treat his passion with disdain.
Her heavenly smiles his ardent flame approve,
And her mild eyes beam tenderness and love,
Honor and truth with her point Cupid's dart;
And where she gives her hand she gives her heart:
How blest is he, how perfect is his bliss
Who proudly calls the beauteous Celia his.

AN EPISTLE

To Miss *SALLY RANDELL*, 16th JUNE, 1757.

*Madam, or Miss, or for the metre,
Thou charming, sweet, and pretty creature.*

I CALL'D upon a friend of mine,
To chat and drink a glass of wine,
(I beg you will not ask me who,
For he's a stranger quite to you)
A letter on his table lay
I said "How came this here I pray?"
For there I saw with much surprise,
Fair Sally's name before my eyes.
"Friend Will," said he, "what there you see
A correspondent sent to me;
But where the charming fair may dwell,
Upon my word I cannot tell;
And yet I have a strict command,
That it should safely come to hand,"
To this I answer'd, "It is clear
Your lucky stars have sent me here,
Entrust the letter, friend, to me,
And I will send it instantly.
To know this lady is my boast—
What not know Sally? she's a toast.

Rest well assur'd I'll send the letter
 Tho' I should like to take it better,
 Sally, you know I'd rather come,
 And be with you than stay at home ;
 But since my dear this cannot be,
 Accept my rhymes instead of me.
 My case at least, you must commend ;
 Adieu ! farewell ! I am your friend,

Postscript.

My love and duty both await
 On Ma'am of high Imperial state.



AN EPISTLE

To Miss JANE ROGERS, at Swansea,

Oct. 1st, 1757.

THE Muse inspires ; I can't refrain,
 But write I must to dimpled Jane.
 'Tis said in town, you've quitted Wales
 For lowly Bath's more tepid gales ;
 But thinking this may not be true,
 At Swansea I direct to you.

When youthful poets touch the string,
 Of beauty and of love they sing ;
 Of Cupid, Venus, flames and darts,
 Of arrows keen, and wounded hearts,
 And when to ladies fair they write,
 Assert 'tis they the verse indite ;
 That they alone the Muse inspire,
 And wake th' enraptur'd Poet's Lyre,
 Were I to say all this of you,
 And swear by Jove, dear Jane, 'twas true,
 I fear I might your rage provoke ;
 You'd call it all a foolish joke :
 For flatteries, which others prize,
 You're better judgment would despise.
 Delusive arts the weak insnare,
 And please the gay and giddy fair ;
 But you were never one of these,
 We cannot you with nonsense please.
 You Jane, in sterling worth abound ;
 Your reason's ever strong and sound—
 And tho' you're fair, we're all inclin'd
 To pay most homage to your mind.
 Then take this as a tribute due—
 And now I'll humbler themes pursue.

Please to observe I don't forget
 (Although I have not done it yet)
 In grateful verse my thanks to sing,
 Both for your motto and your ring—

Your good advice I will regard ;
 Nor think the greatest labour hard.
 If Fortune would in earnest proffer,
 I'd take her very lowest offer :
 But now I'm willing to comply,
 The fickle jade seems mighty shy.
 To tell of all her shuffling pranks,
 Would fill at least a dozen franks.
 This has so prey'd upon my mind,
 That all my friends a change can find.
 I, once so merry, now so sad,
 Am thought by most to have gone mad :
 Yet let not this my Jane offend,
 Still let me keep her for a friend ;
 I'm true at heart, tho' somewhat rude :
 And thus my verses I conclude,

One Latin Line, translated 1760.

Nam quis divitiis adverso gaudet amore ?

WHEN adverse love enthralls the captive mind,
 Who can in riches any pleasure find ?

OR THUS,

WHEN Venus frowns, and Cupid proves unkind,
 The wealth of Croesus cannot please the mind.

LINES

*To Mr. HUGH BARRON, an ingenious Artist, and
Pupil of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

No studied words my sentiments impart ;
My language flows spontaneous from the heart.
Tho' venal poets prostitute their lays,
And for base lucre lavish all their praise ;
Though they on Fashion's fools bestow applause,
And quit the nobler for the baser cause ;
Still I one steady course, unmov'd, pursue,
And brave all censure—for I write to you.

See Taste and Science by thy easel stand,
And hail the touch of thy restoring hand ;
Enraptur'd gaze on ancient tints renew'd,
And gratefully pronounce thy efforts good.
Exulting they behold impartial Fame,
On times broad pinions fix my Barron's name.

AN ODE

To Miss ELIZA PRICE, on her Birthday, 25th Dec. 1765.

YE sacred nine the Bard inspire,
Teach him to touch the tuneful Lyre !
A welcome subject now I chuse,
And cheerfully invoke my Muse ;
Upward she mounts on ready wing,
Eliza's natal day to sing.

With outward charms tho' others shine,
Eliza's worth is more divine ;

For sense and goodness, all confess,
 In high perfection you possess—
 These charms thro' lengthen'd years will stay,
 While transient beauty fades away.

From the rough dangers of the main,
 May heav'n preserve thy fav'rite swain ;
 To distant climes although he roam,
 With thee his heart remains at home.
 Nor must the Muse forget to pay,
 Due honor to *his* natal day.
 'Twas surely with a kind design,
 The Fates have plac'd it next to thine.
 This indicates that Hymen's bands
 Shall join your willing hearts and hands.
 May smiling babes from hence ensue,
 And comforts prove to him and you.
 May peace and plenty with you stay,
 Till life itself shall pass away ;
 And then in Heaven may you find
 Joys of more exalted kind—
 Now let me consecrate my lays
 And sing this Holy Season's* praise.
 'Tis now that mortals should rejoice,
 And lift on high their cheerful voice.
 The Muse should now her tribute pay,
 As well as on the New Year's day.

* Christmas.

What tho' no laurels round me spread,
 I leave them for Will Whitehead's head.*
 But I as blythe and free can sing,
 Of *Prince*, as he of George our King,
 Our King, whom heaven long preserve
 Does well the meed of praise deserve.
 By his Example let us mend ;
 Of rich and poor he is the friend.
 Him will I honor while I live,
 To him my loyal tribute give ;
 And pray that England may enjoy,
 His Patriot Reign without alloy.

But now I sing the King of Kings,
 Who came with healing on his wings ;
 And at this season by his birth,
 Good will and peace restor'd to earth ;
 And taught all mortals to descry
 A happiness beyond the sky—

Here then I pause ; too weak my flight
 To soar aloft thro' realms of light—
 May you Eliza, and may I,
 Rejoice in this Nativity ;
 Improve the season to our good,
 And live as cheerful Christians should :
 Serve God in earnest while below ;
 And dying—to our Maker go.

* Poet Laureat.

DAVID.

AN ORATORIO:

Set to Music by Mr. HOOK. 1767.

Overture.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Chorus.

BEAUTY fascinates the sight,
 And every sense allures—
 Virtue gives us true delight,
 And endless peace procures.
 Then curb the passions e'er they rise
 Superior to controul;
 In their pursuit keen anguish lies,
 And agony of soul.

SCENE II.

URIAH, BATHSHEBA.

Recitative—Uriah.

WAR calls the brave where honor points the way,
 David commands—Uriah must not stay.
 Subjects to Kings a due obedience owe,
 And 'tis my duty to repel the foe.
 Forbear to weep, for tho' alas! we part,
 Uriah leaves with thee his faithful heart.
 Obdurate breasts delight in wars alarms:
 But be my chief delight my fair one's arms.

Air,—Uriah.

WHEN to the battle trumpets sound,
 Where's the danger I can dread ?
 At his post Uriah's found
 Thither by his duty led.

Recitative,—Bathsheba.

WITH manly fortitude thy heart is blest ;
 While anxious fears perplex the female breast.
 Remain with me, avoid the hostile field ;
 To my entreaties, not to David yield :
 Depend on me, his purpose I'll controul,
 And to our wishes bend the monarch's soul.

Air,—Bathsheba.

OH ! let not fondness plead in vain,
 Let wedded love prevail ;
 Their point not always men attain,
 Nor women always fail.

A rav'nous wolf I saw this day
 Beset a helpless ewe,
 Beneath its gripe it fell a prey.
 Alas its days were few !

Warn'd by this omen, then forbear
 To tempt a desp'rate fate ;
 Of latent treachery beware,
 Lest thou repent too late.

Recitative,—Uriah.

THY softer sex by nature is inclin'd,
 With fancied omens, to perplex the mind,
 What Fate decrees, in vain we strive to shun ;
 Our course was destin'd, e'er it was begun.
 Entreat no more, persuasive tears forbear ;
 Know, that the good are Heav'n's peculiar care.

SCENE III.

URIAH, BATHSHEBA, CAPTAIN.

Recitative,—Captain.

A CHOSEN troop, equipp'd in warlike state,
 Suspend their march, and for their leader wait.
 To love, Uriah, bid a short adieu ;
 Then, crown'd with victory, your love renew.

Air,—Captain.

QUIT the couch, and seek the field ;
 Man in turns to both must yield :
 Love and valour, when combin'd,
 Elevate the human mind.

Recitative,—Uriah.

WITH cheerful heart my trusty sword I draw,
 To serve my King, and to maintain God's Law ;
 Let cowards shrink—the brave in such a cause
 Tho' life be lost, obtain from fame applause ;
 Yet love will plead, tho' manly courage rise,
 And tears of fondness dim the hero's eyes.

Air,—Uriah.

BELOV'D by thee more easy I depart ;
 No jealous fears torment Uriah's heart.
 Thy faith is constant, thine affection pure :
 Or here, or absent, still I am secure.

Air,—Bathsheba.

YE guardian angels ~~here~~^{hear} a matron's pray'r ;
 My lord, my life, my lov'd Uriah spare ;
 Be doubly watchful of his valued life,
 And give him back, to bless his grateful wife.

DUET. URIAH AND BATHSHEBA.

Bathsheba.

THE trumpet sounds ; ah ! dear Uriah stay.

Uriah.

THE trumpet sounds, my life, I must away.

SCENE IV.

CAPTAIN. SOLUS.

Recitative,—Captain.

ILL-fated chief ! ah ! little dost thou know,
 That royal David is thy direst foe ;
 Thy beauteous wife has caught the monarch's eye,
 And for Bathsheba, must Uriah die :
 Thee, he exposes to the battle's rage ;
 While schemes of guilty love, his thoughts engage.

AIR,—CAPTAIN.

KINGS obtain by royal pow'r
 Fresh enjoyments ev'ry hour;
 And when virtue quits their breast,
 Grow more daring than the rest,
 For whom have they to fear?

But when reflection gains her pow'r
 Conscience then begins to low'r;
 In spite of pomp, in spite of pride,
 The self-conceited ^{victor} must abide
 A punishment severe,

SCENE V.

CAPTAIN, DAVID.

RECITATIVE,—CAPTAIN.

BEHOLD the King ! how easy 'tis to trace
 An am'rous heart in an impatient face.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

SAY, was Uriah ready to fulfil
 The favour'd mandate of our royal will?

RECITATIVE,—CAPTAIN.

His trusty sword the loyal hero drew,
 Eager the foes of David to pursue.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

'Tis well—We bear his loyalty in mind :
 Obedient subjects render monarch's kind.
 Speed thou to Bathsheba—she must not weep ;
 For while she sorrows, David cannot sleep.
 To soothe her grief, in absence of her mate,
 She shall partake our dignity and state.
 'Tis my command that she to court repair,
 There, in soft ease, to dissipate her care.

RECITATIVE,—CAPTAIN.

My gracious liege, to Bathsheba I fly ;
 She with your royal wishes shall comply.

SCENE VI.

DAVID. SOLUS.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

URIAH, who hath hitherto withstood
 My fixed purpose and my chiefest good ;
 Now far away is led by war's alarms,
 And leaves to me the fair Bathsheba's charms :
 This apt occasion leads me on my way ;
 And love, impatient, brooks no more delay :
 In royal splendour Bathsheba shall shine,
 While I, exulting, call the fair one mine.

AIR,—DAVID.

WHAT is grandeur, pomp, and state ?

Gaudy pageantry and show !

On love alone true pleasures wait,

Bliss supreme of all below.

Well I play'd the specious part :

Now Uriah meets his fate.

Love and joy expand my heart ;

Bathsheba's my royal mate.

SCENE VII.

CHORUS.

MORTALS, if themselves they guide,

Perch'd on shadows, vainly ride ;

And, too late, are taught to know,

Transient bliss is lasting woe ;

When on heav'n they depend,

Joy and comfort crown the end.

— *END OF ACT I.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Overture.

CAPTAIN.

RECITATIVE,—CAPTAIN.

LET Prudence safely guard the female heart ;

And firmness render vain each villain's art.

In virtue's garb, too oft will vice appear ;

And breasts untainted have the most to fear.

To shun temptation is the safest way,
 Since man will oft fair innocence betray :
 Should heedless Bathsheba to court repair,
 Ah me ! I fear she'll fall in David's snare.
 For soft emotions, in her breast to rise,
 On music's aid, the am'rous King relies ;
 And while his craft Uriah's life destroys,
 He seeks, with Bathsheba, forbidden joys.

AIR,—CAPTAIN.

YE fair, what ills from beauty rise !
 Your graceful shapes, your sparkling eyes,
 Too often prove a snare ;
 Tho' men alternate weep and smile ;
 Still, 'tis their purpose to beguile :
 Ye fair one's then beware !

Often, to virtue they pretend ;
 Abuse her name, to gain an end,
 Tho' from her they depart :
 Oh then mistrust each specious tale !
 Let modesty and truth prevail ;
 And regulate your heart.

RECITATIVE,—CAPTAIN.

BUT hark ! the sound of music strikes mine ear,
 The royal David and his court are near,
 Tho' dulcet sounds the passions may excite,
 'They ne'er can change the bounds of wrong and right.

SCENE II.

CAPTAIN, DAVID, BATHSHEBA.

CHORUS.

STRIKE the harp, and strike the lyre ;

Raise the trumpets piercing voice :

Music's pow'r shall all conspire,

Israel's monarch to rejoice.

Harmony no bounds shall know ;

Sweetest sounds shall here unite :

All majestically flow,

In one tide of vast delight.

The human voice divine, it's pow'rs shall lend ;

And in one joyous chorus, all shall blend.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

CEASE, cease your strains—they but offend mine ear ;

For Bathsheba still sighs ; the pearly tear,

Silent descending, like the envious dew,

Steals from her lovely cheeks their rosy hue.

But tell me fair one, why dost thou complain ?

Thy husband's gone, but to return again.

Why should thou fear on him alone should fall,

A common danger shar'd alike by all ?

No longer then God's providence distrust ;

The Lord of Heaven is for ever just.

I pray thee lovely mourner cease to weep ;

Restrain thy tears, and let thy sorrows sleep.

AIR,—DAVID.

WELCOME hope to that fair breast !
 'Tis it's own, it's native rest ;
 Soon it's influence there you'll find,
 Sweet composer of the mind.
 Let not fears disturb thy peace :
 Mere delusions of the brain,
 Smiling hope should still increase ;
 Soon thy hero comes again:
 Hark ! the minstrels now rehearse
 Strains seraphic and divine ;
 These shall all thy fears disperse,
 And to joy thy soul incline.

RECITATIVE,—BATHSHEBA.

SINCE thus, dread sire, I'm your peculiar care ;
 Urge not a theme that drives me to despair.
 Music, I grant, has charms ; but still I find
 It cannot force Uriah from my mind.
 To thee, a debt of gratitude I owe,
 For kind attention to my hapless woe ;
 Grant one more boon, 'tis all that I require ;
 Oh ! let me, from this splendid scene retire.

AIR,—BATHSHEBA.

A grateful heart it's homage pays,
 In soothing notes, in plaintive lays,
 But not to mirth inclines.
 Oh ! royal David, then forbear,
 And leave me to my sad despair,
 For still my heart repines.

Musing on his martial deeds,
 My heart with sick'ning anguish bleeds,
 While yet my lord's away ;
 Melodious sounds in vain I hear
 Vainly they strike upon mine ear,
 They only move the gay.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

Retire, fair mourner—mine be the grateful task,
 To grant Bathsheba all that she can ask.
 I too, methinks, in solitude, would try
 To reason on my cruel destiny.

SCENE III.

DAVID. SOLUS.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

WERE I again a shepherd of the plain,
 Freely for me, some other King might reign
 The royal diadem's a fancied prize ;
 A seeming good, that does but tantalize :
 Of disappointed schemes I still complain,
 Still I pursue this haughty fair in vain :
 At every step perplexities increase ;
 And all conspires to banish David's peace.
 And now to clothe me with confusion more,
 Behold God's holy prophet at my door.

SCENE IV.

DAVID, NATHAN.

RECITATIVE,—NATHAN.

O ROYAL David, justice I demand;
 Justice on villany by envy plann'd.
 Restore the poor man's right; chastise his foe;
 And wanton pride and cruelty, lay low.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

SAY holy Nathan, whence this ardour flows,
 Who dares the laws of Justice to oppose?
 State but the facts, and name the wretch to me;
 Swift and condign his punishment shall be.

AIR,—DAVID.

Pow'r is to monarchs given,
 Delegates of righteous heav'n;
 They should hold an even course,
 Strictest justice to enforce,
 Strike the bad with awe and fear,
 Make the good their constant care.

RECITATIVE,—NATHAN.

A peasant lives, not far from Salem's wall,
 Of slender means; one tender lamb, his all;
 A haughty noble, cruel, rich, and proud,
 His humbler neighbour's speedy ruin vow'd,
 And when a passing friend approach'd his board,
 Forbore to feast him from his ample hoard;
 But seiz'd, insatiate on the poor man's ewe,
 And that, and only that, vindictive, slew.

RECITATIVE,—DAVID.

ACCURS'D is the man who did this deed,
And, be it by my royal pow'r decreed,
That instantly he die——

RECITATIVE,—NATHAN.

———*Thou art the man,*
Thou base contriver of a murd'rous plan.
Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, "I David chose;
By me to Israel's powerful throne he rose.
With richest gifts, I crown'd his royal state,
And gave him choice of beauty, for a mate.
But he, fond doating on Uriah's wife,
To gain her person, seeks her husband's life;
And basely stoops, for this unworthy end,
To sacrifice the subject, hero, friend!
For this my hot displeasure shall arise—
Deaf will I be to fallen David's cries;
He, as a king, and father, soon shall know,
What 'tis to feel, as well as cause a woe."

Recitative,—David.

My conscience smites me—ah! thou man of God,
I own my guilt—and humbly kiss the rod.
Now, be my royal purpose understood,
My evil deeds I fain would turn to good:
Make retribution for my treach'rous art;
And gladness cause in every pious heart.

Recal Uriah from the tented field—
 As yet I trust, the Lord has been his shield.
 Fain, to his wife, would I restore the chief;
 And give to both their virtuous minds relief.

SCENE V.

DAVID, NATHAN, CAPTAIN, URIAH, CHORUS,

Trio,—Captain, David, Uriah.

Captain.

My liege, behold Uriah here !

David.

A gracious God doth interfere,
 The brave and loyal to protect—

Uriah.

My sovereign lord, with due respect,
 From Joab, I a message bring,
 Of joyful tidings for the king.

Chorus.

LET us therefore loud rejoice,
 Praise the Lord with heart and voice,
 He alone enthron'd on high,
 Rules o'er mortals destiny :
 Brings the pious suff'rer through ;
 Gives to guilt the forfeit due ;
 And thro' all his wond'rous plan,
 Justifies his ways with man.
 Let us therefore loud rejoice,
 Praise the Lord with heart and voice.

Recitative,—Uriah.

THE captain of the mighty David's host,
 The valiant Joab, favor'd Israel's boast,
 With due submission, sends the king to greet,
 And thus announces—"Victory's complete"
 Moreover, I'm commanded here to bring,
 This private letter, to my lord [the king.

Recitative,—David.

OH valiant Joab ! oh Uriah brave !
 By whom the Lord vouchsafes the land to save,
 My gratitude is great ; vast thanks are due,
 To all, who in their country's cause like you
 Encounter danger in the hostile field ;
 Nor quit their post, till vanquish'd heathens yield.
 Joab, in wealth and honor shall increase,
 And in retirement, taste the joys of peace.
 Whilst thou Uriah next in high command,
 Daily shall claim fresh favor at my hand,
 And with thy beauteous wife, that bliss enjoy,
 Which innocence bestows without alloy.
 And as for me—but more of this anon—
 With thee, hereafter, will I speak alone.
 Bring forth Bathsheba, clad in royal state,
 'Tis mine, to give her to her valiant mate.
 'Twas I this matchless pair did first divide,
 'Tis I, should place her by her husband's side :

I, the sole author of her grief and woe,
 Must cause the tide of rapt'rous joy to flow—
 And all my future actions now must tend,
 To prove myself a guardian, and a friend.

SCENE VI.

DAVID, NATHAN,

CAPTAIN, URIAH, BATHSHEBA, CHORUS.

Recitative,—Bathsheba.

My lord ! my life ! Uriah art thou here ;
 Or, does a vision to mine eyes appear ?

Recitative,—Uriah.

On ! Bathsheba, behold thy constant love,
 Preserv'd from danger by the Lord above,
 Our gracious sovereign takes us to his care,
 And largely we in David's bounty share.
 And now at last, we undisturb'd shall prove
 The joys that wait on constancy and love.

Recitative,—David.

Thus be ye blest ! and heav'n permit that I
 Long may watch over your felicity—
 And, all temptations to transgress withstood,
 May seek God's glory, and my people's good.

Recitative,—Nathan.

THE Lord accepts thy penitence sincere—
 No longer, great disasters, need'st thou fear :
 Yet still, to show abhorrence of thy sin,
 Perplexing troubles oft shalt thou be in.
 But, in the end, (God's mercies never fail)
 The seed of David surely shall prevail,

Air,—Bathsheba.

NEVER will I more despair,
 God proceeds in ways sublime ;
 Mortals are Jehovah's care,
 He relieves in his own time.

Duet,—Captain, Uriah.

CAP. The Lord of Hosts hath overcome the foe :
 UR. The Lord of Hosts hath laid the mighty low :
 CAP. The Lord hath fought by chosen Israel's side :
 UR. The Lord hath been our safeguard and our guide.

Semi Chorus.

LET Israel then with one accord,
 Praise and bless the mighty Lord,
 And hallelujahs sing.
 Prophets here adore his ways,
 Kings and warriors join to praise
 Heaven's great and glorious King.

Chorus.

WORTHY he of praise divine,
 Guardian of king David's line,
 Israel's everlasting friend.
 Future ages, blest shall see,
 David's son in dignity,
 To the highest heav'n ascend.

Grand Chorus:

GLORY, honour, praise, and power
 Be to David's son for ever—
 He shall be the World's Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise
 ye the Lord.

Amen—amen—amen.

END OF THE ORATORIO.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

To FRANCIS MAGNUS, junior, Esquire. 1767.

APOLLO'S sons, I've heard you say,
 Are just like children when at play ;
 They never hammer for a theme ;
 Their words flow freely, like a stream,
 From teeming brain, their native source,
 Proceeding in a rapid course.
 Then what of me can Francis think,
 Who dip so oft my pen in ink ;
 And scribble as my thoughts arise,
 To shoot at folly as she flies :
 While every line in numbers chimes,
 So conversant am I in rhymes.
 By favor of my grey goose quill,
 I clime the high Paruassus Hill ;
 And confident, without disgrace,
 At Pindus shew my jolly face.
 The tuneful Sisters all agree,
 I'm one of their fraternity.
 Since then, their Ladyship's think fit,
 Their most obedient to admit,
 All blockheads shall my vengeance feel,
 And every day some dunce I'll kill ;
 I'll mark a villain, though he be
 Of high estate and dignity.

I'll make a stand for Mother Church ;
 Lash those who leave her in the lurch :
 Expose the Priest who lolls at ease,
 While waud'ring sheep do what they please :
 And all her zealous sons I'll praise,
 Who strive our drooping Church to raise.

Those monsters too, who sap the state,
 Regardless of their Country's fate,
 Shall feel the anger they provoke ;
 And fall beneath th' avenging stroke.

Through all who own not honour's sway
 Shall keen-edged satire cut away ;
 Alike, or gentlemen or cit,
 Shall be by well-aim'd arrows hit ;
 And shameful deeds, and base designs,
 Shall be the subject of my lines.

Who now-a-days will bear a part
 In others wants, with feeling heart ?
 The sons of Mammon from their store,
 Will scarcely farthings give the poor :
 Thus virtue sickens in distress,
 And wit's, as usual, pennyless.
 Yet, will I own, that you, my friend,
 Possess a heart I must commend,
 If on thy will thy means did wait,
 The world would hail thee *Magnus* great.

Frank, you and I have been abus'd,
 And by two mighty chiefs ill us'd.

By what befel the Bath Intrigue,*
 I'm apt to think they're in a league.
 Yet, let this lessen the offence,
 That we're cajol'd by men of sense ;
 Who tho' a scurvy trick they've play'd,
 A prudent choice have surely made.
 Our brat they've father'd as their own,
 And thus their taste have fairly shown.
 But, when a fool would judge of sense
 I cannot bear his insolence ;
 I'd rather feel the Critic's rage,
 Than suffer such to scan my page ;
 Blockheads who cannot even guess ;
 Say yes for no, and no for yes.
 But, if you've reach'd the steep of Fame,
 They'll judge your merit, by your name.
 How coarse so'er you spin your lays,
 They all unite to give you praise.
 Who but must laugh to see them sit
 In judgment o'er the sons of wit !

* Mr. Robe and Mr. Magnus jointly wrote a Farce called the Bath Intrigue ; which they offered successively to Mr. Garrick and Mr. Coleman : each of those Gentlemen, after having kept the Piece for an unreasonable length of time, rejected it, on the stale plea, of its being unfit for representation. However, soon afterwards, a Farce appeared, both at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, which in plot, character, and language, closely resembled the unfortunate production the Managers in their critical wisdom had so lately refused.

' This poem's really very fine,
 What flowing cadence marks each line !
 How strong the satire ! yet how true !
 What splendid thoughts ! how vastly new
 What brilliant genius ! you inherit
 Wit, judgment, energy, and spirit ! "
 Much more they'll say ; but of such stuff,
 I hope this sample is enough.

Tho' once by merit Fame was caught,
 She's venal now, and daily bought ;
 Blindfold she *may* bestow a favour,
 But pay her price, you're *sure* to have her.
 I'll then suppress my scribbling itch,
 Till lucky chance shall make me rich ;
 And trust me, Frank, I'll boldly then
 With freedom exercise my pen ;
 Nor shall the critic's errors be
 Committed with impunity :
 Let all transgressors then beware ;
 Not even thee, my friend, I'd spare.

SONGS,

WRITTEN FOR G. S. CAREY'S OPERA OF

Emma, or the Nut-brown Maid. 1767.

SONG I.

1.

WITH sorrow did my heart abound,
 For thus, alas! thought I;
 Since Damon with the thieves was found,
 With them he'll surely die.

2.

But now my breast with pleasure burns;
 Since, well convinc'd, I see,
 By all these strange and sudden turns,
 This will a wedding be.

3.

Contented, here I take my leave;
 My blessing I bestow.
 From henceforth do I cease to grieve;
 My tears no longer flow.

SONG II.

PALM not your wanton tricks on me;
 Your base designs, vile man, I see:
 No, no; I'll not despair.
 Fierce fury in my breast shall rise,
 What! bring your minx before mine eyes?
 This is too much to bear.

My vengeance shall your crimes pursue ;

I'll do for her, I'll do for you :

Your favors I'll return—

Although your treach'rous heart should break,

The wizard's fate shall she partake ;

And both together burn.

SONG III.

I HOPE no offence, pretty maid,

If my liking to thee I unfold ;

Nor wonder that I'm not afraid :

'Tis your beauty has made me so bold.

SONG IV.

1.

OH ! I wish a bad fate,

To those Jugglers of state,

Who heed not the cries of the poor ;

We had better be dead,

Than craving for bread,

While they are increasing their store.

2.

The praises we'll sing,

Of George our good King,

Who alone can our grievance redress ;

We have nothing to fear,

For he'll lend a kind ear,

And plenty our labours shall bless.

SONG V.

1.

You think you can deceive me ;
 You take me for a fool :
 But ah ! good Sir, believe me,
 I'll not be made a tool,

2.

I'll vindicate my honor,
 Take vengeance in my turn ;
 My rival, fie upon her !
 With jealousy shall burn.

SONG VI.

1.

THE fair or the brown,
 With good humour or frown,
 Alike are indifferent to me ;
 I laugh and I smile,
 Love cannot beguile,
 A heart that is jovial and free.

2.

Let fond loving swains,
 Talk of sighs and of pains,
 No nymph shall my freedom annoy ;
 For love I am sure
 There's an excellent cure—
 Father Time, who will passion destroy.

3.

If Emma you wed,
 You'll take in your head,
 To think none so happy as you ;
 But when a month's past,
 Will your happiness last ?
 I fancy you'll look rather blue.

4.

'Then prithee this Emma forsake ;
 And if for a frolic inclin'd,
 With me take a trip to the wake,
 Some sport there I'll warrant we'll find.

FINALE,—*Nut-brown Maid.**First Chorus.*

SPRIGHTLY nymphs, and jovial swains,
 Welcome from your distant plains ;
 Let us join our soothing lays,
 And our tuneful voices raise,
 Nut-brown Emma's praise to sing.

Second Chorus.

WE with shouts will rend the air ;
 Wreaths of flowers we'll prepare ;
 To adorn her nut-brown hair,
 We our humble tribute bring.

First Chorus.

FROM the cave rouse Echo's voice,
 Making hill and dale rejoice.

Second Chorus.

HASTE, and form the mystic ring,
Let us dance, and let us sing.

Henry.

WELCOME, welcome, Emma's friends !

Emma.

How shall Emma make amends ?

Grand Chorus.

In your gracious smiles we live ;
They alone can pleasure give ;
Let us then your kindness prove,
Frank and free, accept our love ;
And believe the vows sincere,
We presume to offer here.

The Pen and the Pencil ;

OR,

THE POET* AND THE PAINTER:†

A DIALOGUE. 1767.

Poet.

By long experience I am led to know,
What conflicts from maturer years will flow.
My heart, tho' harder, is not turn'd to steel,
And soft emotions yet can sometimes feel :

* The Author.

† Mr. Hugh Barron.

The matchless pow'rs of beauty and of youth,
 Inviting innocence, and artless truth,
 E'en in a Stoic may revive desire—

Painter.

In him but kindle—while I'm all on fire,

Poet.

For love like thine, thy colours are too faint ;
 Too weak thy pencil—never can it paint
 The rip'ning beauties, Nature has display'd
 In her you love—

Painter.

Dear Nancy is the maid.

Poet.

A NAME I once ador'd, and now revere ;
 A name at which I drop a silent tear :
 My Nancy* rests within the silent grave :
 Not all my love avail'd her life to save.

Painter.

To please a Father—Oh ! my tortur'd heart !
 From faithful, lovely Nancy must I part :
 Though living, yet renounce my chosen fair ;
 And turn my fondest hopes to dire despair.

• Miss Ann Llewellyn.

Poet.

SHARP is the conflict, yet, I trust, you'll find
 A future day will bring you peace of mind.
 Time may for you some happy turn reveal;
 But mine's a pang I must for ever feel.
 From me alas! All future hope has fled;
 Despair alone remains—my Nancy's dead!

AN EPISTLE

*To the REV. JAMES ALLET, of Leatherlake, near
 Old Windsor:*

Requesting a copy of a Song, called THE SNIPE.

Sept. 29th, 1767.

REV. SIR,

NE'ER think it strange that I in rhyme,
 Should thus intrude upon your time;
 For, though the brazen trump of Fame,
 As yet has not proclaim'd my name;
 Still I indite a line or two,
 To worthy friends, good Sir, like you.
 Ask you the purpose I intend,
 I write to you to serve a friend;
 Nor can I think that you'll refuse
 The first petition of my Muse.

It would indeed be quite unkind,
 In one like you, whose friendly mind,
 Is ever to oblige inclin'd.

}

'Tis for the Snipe my fancy longs,
 The elev'rest sure of clever songs !
 I own, good Sir, that what I ask :
 May seem to you a tiresome task :
 Methinks I just now hear you say,
 " I could not write it in a day.

Can he expect a tale so long,
 More like a sermon than a song ?

How can he ever think that I
 Should with his bold request comply ?

Say, would he do the like for me ?"

Yes, yes, good Sir, I'd write you three,
 And gladly to such terms agree.

}

Then prithee grant me my request,
 And to oblige me do your best.

Look round the world, you'll plainly see
 The wond'rous pow'rs of bribery ;
 So great that in the present time,
 To bribe is scarcely deem'd a crime.
 From peer to beggar ev'ry station,
 Submits to this humiliation :
 And private int'rest will prevail,
 Where ev'ry motive else must fail.
 This then it is emboldens me,
 For one you'll send to promise three :

Nay, send it soon, and I'll do more,
 For in return I'll send you four ;
 And nicely written just like this,
 With scarce a single word amiss
 Thus well provided, you, with ease
 May then bestow on whom you please.
 And you I recollect did say,
 You wish'd for some to give away.
 So mine I hope you'll quickly send ;
 I'm anxious to oblige my friend :
 And now remember, Sir, I pray,
 How much you'll suffer by delay ;
 For never 'till I yours receive,
 Can I to you a copy give.

These hasty lines at random penn'd,
 I hope and trust cannot offend ;
 For honor and respect are due,
 From me at all times, Sir, to you.
 Whatever else my verse imply,
 It is not meant uncivilly :
 At all events, then, think no ill
 Of him who is your humble *Will*.

A COPY OF THE REV. JAMES ALLET'S

REPLY.

Leatherlake, Dec. 24th, 1767.

Dear Sir,

*The Muse is just arrived at Parnassus
with your most excellent copy of Verses; which, I am
ashamed to say, too justly upbraid me for my long neg-
ligence, in not complying with your request before now.*

And yet perhaps you'll think me right,
That I've so long delay'd to write,
As Snipes are now in season quite.
But coming from this distant land
I wish it sweet may reach your hand.
Be it however as it may;
At last it comes, without delay.

}

THE SNIPE, A Song,

*By Doctor Bacon, originally published in the Oxford
Sausage, but now considerably altered.*

1.

I'LL tell you a story, a story that's true,
A story that's dismal and comical too;
It is of a Friar, who as the tale goes,
Once drove 'stead of leading his flock by the nose.
Down, down, derry down, &c.

2.

This Friar would often go out with his gun ;
 And tho' no great sportsman, he thought himself one.
 He shot a great deal, and he always miss'd aim ;
 While something, tho' never himself was to blame.

3.

Young Peter it happen'd, a friend of the Friar's,
 With legs arm'd with leather, for fear of the briars.
 Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not,
 Who hir'd the gun, or who tick'd for the shot.

4.

Away these two trudg'd it, o'er hills and o'er dales,
 The partridges frighten'd, and also the quails ;
 But to tell you the truth, Sir, no mischief was done,
 Save spoiling the proverb, *as sure as a gun*.

5.

At length a poor snipe flew direct in their way,
 In open defiance ; as tho' he would say,
 " If only the Friar and Peter are here,
 I'll fly where I please there's no reason to fear."

6.

But though he thought not that his death was so nigh,
 Yet Peter by chance fetch'd him down from on high.
 And as the bird fell, Sir, we can't say he *Mist**
 Though his shot was ramm'd down with a Journal I wist.

* *Mist's Journal*, a periodical paper of those days.

7.

Then speeches on both sides began to be made—
 “ Pray Father accept it ”—“ Oh no Sir,” he said
 “ I intreat that you would ”—for they very well knew,
One snipe could be never a supper for two.

8.

What the Friar declin'd, in most civil sort,
 Peter slipp'd in his pocket ; a plague on him for't !
 But were secrets told, it would plainly appear,
 There was oft' than the snipes a much longer bill there.

9

Perdue in his pocket the slaughter'd snipe lay,
 Till over his head pass'd a week and a day ;
 While the trail for a toast too offensive had grown ;
 And attack'd ev'ry nose where he came but his own.

10.

The Friar look'd wholesome it must be agreed ;
 So none could find out whence the scent did proceed :
 And this of the matter was all they could say,
 The Friar had brought it and took it away.

11.

As he varied his station 'twas call'd this or that ;
 In his room a convenience, or else a dead rat ;
 When he walk'd in the fields, it was call'd a dead horse ;
 When he sat at the Angel, 'twas call'd something worse

12.

At the sight of the Friar began the perfume ;
 He could scarcely appear e'er he scented the room :
 Wherever he went, ugly faces were made,
 And smelling, and snuff boxes quickly display'd.

13.

At night, in his cell, he'd sit down on his bed,
 His elbow supporting his agoniz'd head :
 His body both forwards and backwards he bent ;
 But he labour'd in vain to get rid of the scent.

14.

At length he suspected his harmless dog tray ;
 And beat him so much that the dog ran away :
 By this he found out, he the dog had abus'd ;
 And that only himself thus deserv'd to be us'd.

15.

Thought the Friar, poor tray ! I for this will atone ;
 If I live to grow sweet, I will give thee a bone :
 Besides to the world will I clear up thy fame
 For I and I only deserve a bad name.

16.

Then vex'd he got up and he pull'd off his clothes :
 Examined his breeches, examin'd his hose :
 And the very next morning, fresh clothes he put on,
 All, all but his waistcoat, for he had but *one*.

17.

But changing his clothes did not alter the case,
 He still was offensive three weeks and three days;
 Till to send for the doctor he thought it discreet;
 For tho' *he* was not, yet his *life* was still sweet.

18.

The doctor arriv'd, felt his pulse in a trice;
 Then crept to a distance to give his advice:
 Nor bleeding, nor sweating, nor purging would do;
 For they of one evil, were sure to make two.

19.

To his glass the poor Friar would often repair,
 And was sadly alarm'd, when he saw himself there;
 For his eyes were so sunk, and he look'd so aghast,
 That he verily thought, he was breathing his last.

20.

To save then his credit, he burns all his prose;
 And his poetry too, in the fire he throws:
 When, searching his pockets, to make up the pile,
 He lugg'd out the Snipe that had smelt all the while.

21.

So he hopes you will all think him wholesome again,
 Since his waistcoat discover'd the cause of his pain:
 And this, in conclusion, he begs you to note,
 You might have been sweet, had you been in his coat,

Mr. Robt, having received this Song from his friend, unfortunately delayed nearly three months to transmit the four Copies of it, which he had promised in return. Mr. Allett therefore wrote to reprove him for his tardiness ; in reply he sent the promised copies, accompanied with the following Poem, viz.

THE SNIPEAD,

Being a second Epistle to the REV. JAMES ALLETT.

London, March 20th, 1768.

REV. SIR,

HAPPY the man who to his word is true ;
 Who having promis'd gives to all their due :
 No keen reflections shall his mind infest,
 Nor interrupt the quiet of his breast :
 A calm serene his peaceful bosom knows,
 No friend shall jeer him, and he fears no foes.

Not thus with me ; I feel my Allett's stripe,
 And own I've err'd, withholding thus the Snipe.
 At length it comes instructed what to say,
 And make atonement for the Bard's delay ;
 Your generous forgiveness to implore,
 And promise for me, I'll transgress no more.

You start as much to find a Snipe can speak,
 As though you heard your friend declaim in Greek.
 For once, indulge me in my fancied lay,
 And let my Muse her miracle display.

Of things more strange have ancient Poets sung,
 They gave to stones as well as birds a tongue.
 The Phrygian sage, in each instructive line,
 Makes birds and beasts to utter truths divine.
 The works of Fabulists much good contain ;
 They mend the heart and cultivate the brain :
 All famous Authors do in fiction deal,
 And boldly to the Classics I appeal ;
 Rang'd on my side, their precedents I bring,
 And claim, with them, to soar on Faucy's wing.

Three copies of your Snipe were finish'd quite,
 And in the fourth I'd scarce a word to write,
 When suddenly a much respected friend
 Occasion'd me my labours to suspend.
 Long had he been from London far away ;
 And much to each the other had to say.
 Careless of books or papers I arose
 My friend to greet, nor heeded verse or prose.
 Our confab over, I resum'd my chair,
 Sought my fourth snipe—alas ! she was not there :
 When from the room my friend and I withdrew,
 I left her there—believe me Sir, 'tis true.
 Convinc'd of this I puzzled much my brains,
 And to no purpose took a world of pains :
 Then to myself I mutter'd, pettish grown,
 " This Snipe to Windsor certainly has flown."
 My books once more I plac'd in formal rows,
 Gave o'er the search, and sought my night's repose.

Another copy soon I meant to write ;
 Nor 'till I sent it trust it from my sight :
 This I arrang'd, and this I meant to do,
 But Fate had otherwise ordain'd for you.

By Pope enraptur'd, e'en in tender age,
 I felt the ardour of his glowing page.
 His tuneful lays in magic fetters bind ;
 They win the ear, and captivate the mind.
 His chaste descriptions are realities ;
 Luxuriant groves, and lofty mountains rise.
 'Tis hard among this Poet's works to chuse ;
 Yet chiefly I admire his *Windsor* Muse.
 I love to hear him sing the fertile plain,
 Through which old Thames glides gently to the Main :
 I love to read that ancient Forest's praise,
 Whose grandeur justly claims the noblest lays ;
 And as I read, the themes my soul inspire,
 And much I long to catch the Poet's fire.

Within the covert of this tempting shade,*
 The truant Snipe did long my search evade ;
 At length I found her in her cool retreat,
 The haunt of Poets and the Muse's seat.
 Hence then her human faculties have sprung,
 Her ready wit, and fluency of tongue.
 "To Pope," she cried, "I owe this mighty change ;
 And through the groves he sang, I long to range.

* Pope's Windsor Forest, into which book the Author had, when his friend called, accidentally put the missing copy of the Snipe.

Let those who please, in smoky cities stay ;
 To Windsor will I wing my rapid way ;
 Enjoy the comfort of that purer air,
 Nor fear a *Friar*, nor a *Peter*, there."

Thus spake the Snipe ; at first I felt surprise ;
 But when I call'd to mind the pow'r that lies
 In Pope's melodious strains, I less admir'd
 The Snipe should be with human voice inspir'd.
 " Hold ! hold !" I cried, " This is but idle prate—
 Attend to me, and learn at once your fate.
 'Tis yours to own Man's universal sway ;
 I shall command, and you, per force, obey.
 Go then to Windsor ; not to roam at large,
 But to deliver to my friend a charge.
 To Allett must I give a bird like you ;
 Surrender then to him ; you are his due :
 For promise what I will, fish, flesh, or bird,—
 I chuse with Rev'rend Priest to keep my word.
 And satisfaction he must sure derive,
 From finding that I've sent his *Snipe* alive.
 For me, your faculty of speech display ;
 And tell my Allett all I have to say.
 First then inform him, for 'tis strictly true,
 My long delay must be ascrib'd to *you*.
 Twice through her orbit did *Selene* roll,
 While like a truant, from my sight you stole ;
 And caus'd anxiety, and much dispute :
 And brought my honor into disrepute.

Next thank my friend sincerely for the praise
Which he so freely lavish'd on my lays.
Encomiums please from such a man as he :
He speaks the truth, and scorns base flattery."

The sapient bird in gentle terms replied,
"In serving you I take an honest pride.
To Leatherlake I'll wing my flight direct,
And be, in all things, what you might expect :
Your message to your friend deliver true—
But e'er I go, a word, kind Sir, with you.

Wise as you are, methinks, you scarce are free
From that unseemly failing, Vanity.

The commendations of your friend I find,
Lead you to pride, puff up your empty mind :
Thus Flattery, with sure, tho' subtile art,
Gains, thro' your ear, a passage to your heart :
With proud conceit your swelling bosom glows,
And all the self-important scribbler shows.
Tho' each to diff'rent passions may incline,
The love of Fame is his, is your's, is mine :
This rules in chief, in ev'ry bosom burns ;
None e'er escape it—all submit by turns,
The sage, the fool, the good, the bad we see
Drink deeply of the cup of flattery ;
Not one exception to this rule we find :
The love of praise possesses all mankind.
Shall this reproach Sir, then to you belong ?
Will you incautious join the giddy throng ?

'To modest merit none will long be blind ;
 But modest merit's claims are still confin'd.
 Kind friends are partial—foes are insincere ;
 Thus both alike may give you cause to fear.
 Whom Fame establishes, must take their due
 Of well earn'd praise—but what is that to you ?
 Know well yourself—preserve your temper cool ;
 And tho' no poet, prove you're not a fool.

Avoid all contests with the sons of Fame,
 Nor e'er desire to gain a Poet's name :
 For popularity's an empty joy,
 One puff can give it, and one puff destroy.
 Avoid the Public—shun the Critic's lash :
 Critics, too oft, thro' thick and thin will dash.
 Reserve your labours for your friends alone,
 Content if but to them your talent's known ;
 Thus free from censure, you whene'er you chuse,
 May without danger court your fav'rite Muse."

" Enough, good Snipe, I see you're in the right ,
 I'll shun the Public, and for Friends indite,
 The envious Critic. with envenom'd sting,
 Shall wound not me, nor touch the strains I sing ;
 Shall, with my numbers in no war engage,
 Nor vent his fury on my harmless page.
 Seclusion shall defend my Muse and name
 From foul attacks and undeserved blame.
 The Hypercritics of the modern School,
 Who lord o'er genius with tyrannic rule,

Foes to real merit, niggards of applause,
 Shall ne'er inclose me in their iron claws ;
 Ne'er look upon me with their jaundic'd eyes :
 Nor praise my faults nor modest worth despise.
 Yes, I will shun the vile detested crew ;
 And only write to please the candid few.—
 My verse to Allett is with pleasure penn'd,
 Who to the critic, adds the friend :
 With him good sense, fair truth, and candour join,
 In passing judgment on the vent'rous line ;
 Slow to condemn and willing to excuse.
 All due encouragement he gives my Muse.
 Convinc'd, however bad my lines are penn'd,
 They're the best efforts of a constant friend.

Come then, thou wond'rous Snipe, expand thy wing ;
 To Allett hasten, and enjoy the spring :
 While I in Town, amid the busy throng,
 Steal from the Muse, whene'er I can a song :
 And wish in vain fam'd Cooper's Hill to clime,
 Or court the shade, and fill my page with rhyme.
 With Allett, plead thy absent Master's cause,
 Defending *him* will gain for you applause."

She thus replied—" With pleasure I obey ;
 Give but the word, and let me wing my way."
 " Begone," I cried—the Snipe that instant flew,
 If Peter shot her not, she's safe with you :
 Paid is my debt—I look for my release—
 Send my discharge, and I shall be at peace.

AN EPISTLE

To MR. GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY,

Oct. 25th, 1767.

It is not, George, to gratify myself,
 I wish one penny added to my pelf ;
 Small are my means and yet I am not poor :
 My wants are all proportioned to my store.
 But when I see, seduc'd by crafty wiles,
 Genius in tatters courting great men's smiles,
 When, abject I perceive it, day by day,
 It's fruitless homage to the wealthy pay ;
 Then discontented I'm inclin'd to be,
 And rail at fortune for my penury :
 Then do I wish all merit had its due ;
 And chiefly, George, I wish to succour you.
 Alas ! I have no pow'r to serve my friends ;
 I want the gold that always recommends.
 " Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,
 And wit in rags, is turn'd to ridicule."*
 'Tis thus in wretched Poverty's disguise,
 Your patient merit unrewarded lies.
 Still would I hope, e'er long some gen'rous heart,
 By pity moved, will act a friendly part.
 E'en now perhaps, e'er this can reach your eye
 You may have found a kind protector nigh.

* Dryden.

If you to Thornton* such a blessing owe,
 My Muse to him her gratitude shall show.
 For thanks are doubly due, in these our days,
 To the choice few, who fallen genius raise.

A SONG

*Written at the request of Mr. Hugh Barron, when he
 was about to proceed to Rome; and sung by
 Miss Ann Dess.† 1768.*

1.

Ah! why should blushes dye the cheek
 Of her whose heart is true?
 Why heaves my bosom when I speak
 To thee my gentle Hugh?

2.

I know thy love to be sincere,
 And glory in it too;
 Yet am I full of anxious fear,
 Lest harm should come to Hugh.

3.

O'ercome with sleep, at dead of night,
 My thoughts revert to you;
 And busy fancy brings to light,
 A form resembling Hugh.

* Bonnel Thornton, Esq. † Vide, *The Pen and the Pencil*.

4.

"Be kind" it cries, "thou charming fair,
 Or death must straight ensue ;
 Thou only canst from dire despair
 Preserve the love-lorn Hugh."

5.

Since then my Lover cannot stay
 What have I else to do ;
 But all the while he's far away
 Remember still my Hugh.

6.

In foreign climes my wand'ring Swain
 Will many beauties view ;
 Nancy of this shall not complain :
 She has no doubt of Hugh.

7.

Then in thy breast ne'er harbour fear,
 For though away from you,
 Still shall my passion prove sincere ;
 I'll wait content for Hugh.

8.

When Time returns thee grac'd by Fame,
 Our pleasures will be new ;
 Your Nancy's love will be the same,
 And so will your's, my Hugh.

THE COMPACT,

Or agreement to buy a LOTTERY TICKET.

1768.

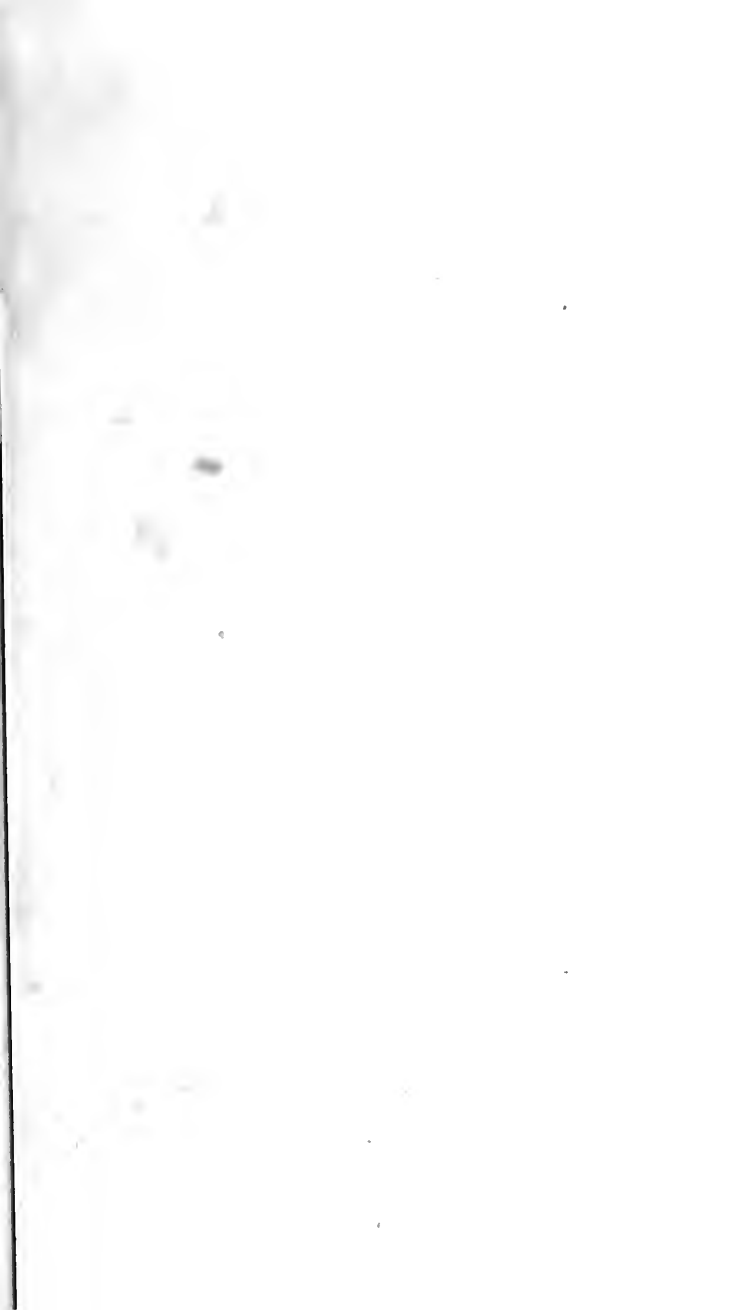
WE, Frank and Will, two Bards, agree
 To put into the Lottery.
 May Fortune's wheel's mysterious rounds
 Produce us twenty thousand pounds !
 Oh ! this will make our neighbours stare ;
 While we expensive pleasures share.
 But be it clearly understood,
 We mean besides to do some good.
 We'll clothe and feed the destitute,
 Encourage all of good repute ;
 And, in the hope their ways to mend,
 Even the wicked we'll befriend :
 Correct them when they go astray,
 And for their lasting welfare pray :
 Then Fortune ! on our side appear—
 We'll sing your praises once a year.

AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

1784.

Who's buried here?—whose can this gravestone be?
Go, go thy ways—it matters not to thee.
Life's dang'rous path securely would'st thou tread,
Beware the *living*, never mind the *dead*.

'The lifeless carcass, here, in earth will rot;
Vice will survive, while Virtue is forgot.
Some fav'rite names to distant times extend;
Those distant times, in time will have an end.
Seek not to know what can no profit give;
Well would'st thou die, endeavour well to live.
Pursue this maxim, fix it in your heart;
Nor e'er from fair Religion's ways depart.
Dangers stand thick throughout life's mazy round;
And bad examples ev'ry where abound;
Then would'st thou from the fear of death be free,
In life remember Him, who died for thee:
His grace solicit. in his footsteps tread;
'Thy hope while living—thy reward when dead.



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